The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

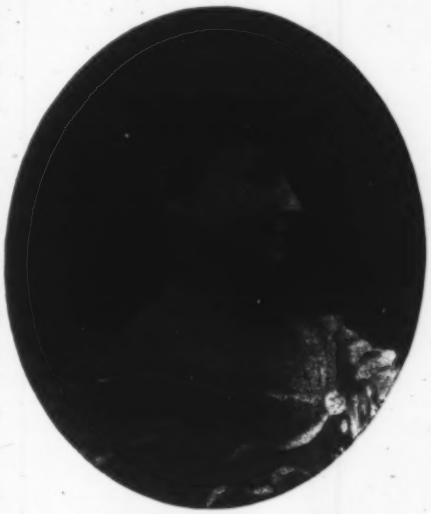
No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

In presenting to our readers an interesting collection of Rossetti pictures in the May issue of The Bookman we have to acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. H. C. Marillier for permission to include a number of illustrations from his beautiful work, "Dante Gabriel Rossetti," and to Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons, the publishers of Mr. Marillier's book, for their courtesy in affording us every facility for reproducing the pictures; also to Mr. M. H. Spielmann for the portrait of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, of which the original is in his possession.

Mr. Eveleigh Nash will publish in June a book entitled "Russia as it Really is," by Carl Joubert. The work will contain some very startling views of Russian bureaucracy and details of the intimate life of the Czar and the Russian Court. The author gives an appalling account of the treatment of the Jews in Russia.

Mr. W. H. Hutton has edited the letters of the late Bishop Stubbs, of Oxford, and they will shortly be published by Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. The book will be demy 8vo, and will contain two photogravure portraits of the late Bishop.



Mrs. Gertrude Atherton,
Whose new book, "Rulers of Kings," is reviewed in this number.

Our contributor, Dr. David Hay Fleming, is engaged on a life of John Knox, which will be published next year, the year of the quarter-centenary of the reformer. The book will be based throughout on original research, and will be published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

We hear that Mr. Kipling, who at the time of writing is on his way home from South Africa, has recently completed the MSS. of two new short stories, which will be published later on in the *Windsor Magazine*, and a third story which will see the light in one of the American monthlies.

The Letters of Queen Victoria, it is now almost certain, will be published this autumn, although this is not yet absolutely settled. The work will probably be three 8vo volumes.

Sir George Douglas, having completed his Life of General Wauchope, will address himself to the editing of the Panmure Papers, which contain much interesting material on the Crimean War. It will be remembered that Lord Panmure was War Secretary at the time. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish the volume,

Photo Russell and Sons. **Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton,**
Whose brilliant novel, "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," is one of the successes of the Spring publishing season.

which will contain many unpublished letters of the Queen.

Mrs. Alec Tweedie has just returned from Sicily charmed with her lengthy stay in that wonderful island. She has taken some very delightful photographs of Greek temples, Roman theatres, etc., etc., and also of the people both at work and at play. Her forthcoming book on Sicily is well advanced, and she hopes to complete it in time for publication in October. It will be on much the same lines as "Mexico as I saw it," which proved so popular. Mrs. Alec Tweedie appears to have lived with the rich and with the poor in Sicily, and to have seen everything apparently that was worth seeing.

Mr. S. Levett-Yeats, who has been home on leave during the winter, has now returned to his duties in India. It may not be generally known that Mr. Levett-Yeats is an official in the Indian Civil Service as well as the distinguished author of "The Honour of Savelli."

The title of Mrs. Mary E. Mann's new novel is "The Parish Nurse." It will be published in the first instance serially in the *Ladies' Field*, and on the conclusion of the serial publication it will be issued in book form by Messrs. Methuen and Co.

Mr. William Le Queux, who is writing a new cosmopolitan serial for *Cassell's Magazine*, returns from Florence at the end of May. He is transferring his collection of mediæval manuscripts, codices, and antiques from Peterborough to the Castle of Santa Lucia, which, together with the wine and oil-growing estates, he recently purchased from the Marquis Cecchi.

"Brothers," a novel about to be published by Mr. Murray, is written by the author of "The Shadowy Third," Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell. The theme treats of clerical and literary life in London.

Mr. Rider Haggard, who with his daughter has been travelling in Egypt, has now left that country and is on his way home *viâ* Spain. Mr. Haggard has, while in Egypt, written a series of articles dealing incidentally with the changes which have taken place in the country since he visited it before, and these will be published at an early date in one of the most popular of the morning newspapers.

"French Nan" is the title of a new short novel by Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle, the manuscript of which has now been placed in the hands of the printers.

We believe we are correct in saying that the sales of Mr. Hichens' new novel, "The Woman with the Fan," have already exceeded those of any recently published novel of his, and indeed that it promises to be his most successful book. Mr. Hichens is at present travelling in Sicily.

The title of Miss May Sinclair's new novel is, we hear, to be "The Divine Fire," and it will be published by Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co.

Mr. Frank Dodd sailed for New York at the end of last month, and Col. Harvey, of Messrs. Harper and Brothers, had left a few days before. Mr. William Appleton, however, and Mr. L. C. Page are both, we believe, still here.

Mr. Max Beerbhom's series of amazingly clever drawings, "The Poets' Corner," is published by Mr. Heinemann, and we are permitted through his kindness to give one illustration. All the drawings are superbly successful, particularly perhaps Dante in Oxford; Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. Edmund Gosse, composing a Ballade, taken unawares by their President, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain; and Dante Gabriel Rossetti in his back garden. The other subjects are Omar Khayyam; Robert Browning taking his tea with the Browning Society (very witty and very cruel); Goethe watching the shadow of Lili on the blind; Mr. Matthew Arnold, and Miss Mary Augusta, his niece: ("Why, Uncle

A reduced illustration from "The Poets' Corner," by Max Beerbohm.

Matthew, oh, why will not you be always wholly serious?"); Henrik Ibsen receiving Mr. William Archer in audience; Lord Byron shaking the dust of England from his shoes; Walt Whitman inciting the bird of freedom to soar; Mr. William Watson, secretly ceded by the British Government to Abdul Hamid, but in the nick of time saved from the trap-door to the Bosphorus by the passionate intercession of Mr. John Lane; William Wordsworth in the Lake District at cross purposes; Mr. Tennyson reading "In Memoriam" to his Sovereign (this is a grave error in taste and a distinct blot on the book); Paul Verlaine (usher in private school at Bournemouth, 1877-1878); William Shakespeare, his method of work; Samuel Taylor Coleridge table-talking; Mr. W. B. Yeats presenting Mr. George Moore to the Queen of the Fairies; Homer going his round; Robert Burns, having set his hand to the plough, looks back at Highland Mary; Mr. Rudyard Kipling takes a bloomin' day aht, on the blasted 'eath, along with Britannia, 'is gurl. The whole collection indicates an extraordinary talent.

The American publishers have mostly returned to their homes. While they do not find English books so popular in the States as they were a few years ago, they think that matters may take a turn, and have been doing their best to secure the chief books of the autumn. Mr. Dodd, of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co., has arranged for the publication of new novels by Miss Cholmondeley and Miss Marie Corelli. Colonel Harvey, of Messrs. Harper and Brothers, will issue Mrs. Humphry Ward's next book, and the Harpers are to publish a future work by Maurice Hewlett. Mr. Dodd will also publish Miss Beatrice Harraden's next novel. It will be published in this country by Messrs. Methuen. Miss Harraden proposes before its publication to issue a little book of travel papers somewhat in the fashion of "Elizabeth in Rügen."

A new edition of Mr. Quiller Couch's "Anthology of English Poetry" is to be published by the Clarendon Press.

"The Bandolero" is the title of Mr. Paul Gwynne's new novel. Our readers will remember Mr. Gwynne as the author of those popular and excellent stories, "Marta" and "The Pagan at the Shrine."

Mr. Eveleigh Nash has arranged to issue a new novel by Mr. Thomas Cobb.

Franz Adam Beyerlein, whose play, "Zapfenstreich," was the great success of the London German theatre season this year, and whose novel, "Jena Oder Sedan," sold over a quarter of a million copies in twelve months in Germany, is shortly to appear before the English public, through the medium of Mr. Heinemann, as a novelist.

"Fort Amity," Mr. Quiller Couch's new novel, is in the press, and will be published shortly by Mr. John Murray. It is a story of Canadian life, and is dedicated by Mr. Quiller Couch to his old schoolfellow, Mr. Henry Newbolt.

Mr. Lionel Cust, the eminent art critic, is publishing through Messrs. Archibald Constable his first novel, which is a Venetian tragedy, to be called "Angelo Bastiani."

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have in the press, to be published almost immediately, a very important book by the Right Hon. Lord Avebury on Free Trade. The book deals with the present position of British Commerce; Free Trade; Our Present Policy; Protection; Preferential Trade; Retaliation; the Case of India; on the Present Condition of the Country, and especially of the Working Classes.

Mr. J. C. Snaith's long-looked-for novel, "Broke of Covenden," will be published very shortly by Messrs. Archibald Constable. We understand that it is the story of the head of an impoverished but proud old English county family.

Mr. John Lane's Poster for Mr. Chesterton's Novel, "The Napoleon of Notting Hill."
(Reproduced by kind permission of the publisher.)

A book of great interest which Mr. Heinemann will publish during May is "Japan by the Japanese." It is a history written entirely by Japanese authorities of the present day. The contents include chapters on

Photo Booker and Sullivan. **A Recent Portrait of Miss Violet Hunt,**

Author of "The Celebrity at Home," a review of which appears in another column.

each of the following subjects: The Emperor; the Imperial Family; the Constitution; the Imperial Diet; the Army; the Navy; Diplomacy; Education; Religion; Finance; Banking; Commerce and Industries; Mining Labour; Marine Enterprises; Railways; the Postal System; Police; Medical; the Press; the General Condition of Japan; Formosa; and Treaties and Laws. A few of the writers who have contributed to the book may be mentioned: the Marquis Ito, who has contributed the chapter on the Constitution; the Marquis Oyama, who is the Chief of the General Staff, has contributed the chapter on the Army; Count Okuma has written on Education; M. Yamato, who is Governor of the Bank of Japan, has contributed the article on Banking; while the Baron Shibusawa, President of the United Chambers of Commerce, has contributed that part of the book dealing with the Industries and Commerce of the Country. The volume will be edited by Mr. Alfred Stead, who has also written a preface to it.

Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. will publish during the first fortnight in May Mary Johnston's new novel, "Sir Mortimer." It will contain nine illustrations by F. C. Yohn, the same artist who illustrated Miss Johnston's "Audrey." The frontispiece on this occasion will be coloured.

Mr. Heinemann will publish early in May Mr. Jack London's new novel, which will be entitled "The Faith of Men."

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

March 18th to April 18th, 1904.

The customary unsettling attendant upon the break of the Easter holidays, combined with a somewhat persistent dulness which has been a prevailing feature during the month, has effectually prevented recovery from the already existing depression, and consequently the trade returns have been far from satisfactory.

With a cheery optimism, however, which appears to be unfailing, the publishing centres have continued to place a large number of 6s. issues on the market. It would certainly be interesting to know the ultimate result of many of these ventures, as the demand in a large number of cases is, upon their first appearance, hardly worth considering, and in a week or two quite non-existent. Among the successful issues of the month may be mentioned "The Magnetic North," "The Woman with the Fan," "The Napoleon of Notting Hill," and "Uriah the Hittite." "The Interloper," "Through Sorrow's Gates," and "Red Morn," together with several others, have continued to be much in request.

The death of Sir E. Arnold led to a slightly increased demand for "The Light of Asia," though this, the most noted of his productions, has always commanded a steady sale.

Several interesting items in Biography have attracted attention, which has in several instances resulted in rapid sales, notably the two volumes in the "Literary Lives" series, "Matthew Arnold," by G. W. E. Russell, and "Cardinal Newman," by W. Barry. Other volumes which call for special remark are the new edition of "Savonarola," by Professor Villari, "Dean Farrar," by his son, and the continued attractiveness of "Robert Browning," in the English Men of Letters series.

The collection of New Letters from the pen of the Sage of Chelsea has been well received, whilst the publication of the autobiography of Herbert Spencer was anticipated by numerous orders.

Several volumes illustrated by the three-colour process have recently proved very alluring, and among the most recent "Venice," by Menpes, deserves mention.

A new and apparently successful venture has been the issue of well-known novels in paper covers, upon the lines of the famous "Tauchnitz" edition, and judging by the sales of the existing volumes, has quite commended itself to the public. Certainly a distinct gain would accrue to the trade if a return to 1s. fiction supplanted the present sixpennies, upon which the returns are very small in comparison to the increase in packing required.

The popular edition of "Comin' Thro' the Rye" has continued to sell freely.

The usual illustrated guides to the pictures of the year herald the opening of the Art Galleries, and appear to be as popular as usual.

A slightly increased demand for sixpennies has been forthcoming, and the subjects included are very diver-

sified, ranging from Bishop Gore's "Treatise upon the Sermon on the Mount," and the Apologia of Cardinal Newman, down to what may aptly be called the Sixpenny Shocker.

The following is a list of the books which have been most in demand during the past month.

Six Shilling Novels.

The Magnetic North. By Elizabeth Robins. (Heinemann.)
The Vineyard. By John Oliver Hobbes. (Unwin.)
The Napoleon of Notting Hill. By G. K. Chesterton. (Lane.)
The Triumph of Mrs. St. George. By P. White. (Nash.)
Life in a Garrison Town. By Lieut. Bilse. (Lane.)
The Interloper. By Violet Jacob. (Heinemann.)
The Woman with the Fan. By R. Hichens. (Methuen.)
Red Morn. By Max Pemberton. (Cassell.)
Through Sorrow's Gates. By H. Sutcliffe. (Unwin.)
Uriah the Hittite. By Dolf Wyllarde. (Heinemann.)

Matthew Arnold. By G. W. E. Russell. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Newman. By Wm. Barry. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
New Letters of Thomas Carlyle. 2 vols. 25s. net. (Lane.)
Savonarola. By Professor Villari. 2s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)
Hsi, one of China's Christians. 3s. 6d. net. (Morgan and Scott.)
Browning (Roberts). English Men of Letters Series. 2s. net. (Macmillan.)
Farrar (Dean). By his Son. 6s. net. (Nisbet.)
Venice. By Mortimer Menpes. 20s. net. (Black.)
Highways and Byways of Sussex. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Hancock's Japanese Physical Training. 5s. (Putnam.)
St. John. A Poem. By R. F. Horton. 1s. net. (Dent.)

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending—
Mar. 26—Quiet in all departments.
April 2—Trade slack.
,, 9—Slack in Home trade, Export brisker.
,, 16—A slight recovery in the Home trade.

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(2) SCOTLAND.

MARCH 18TH TO APRIL 20TH, 1904.

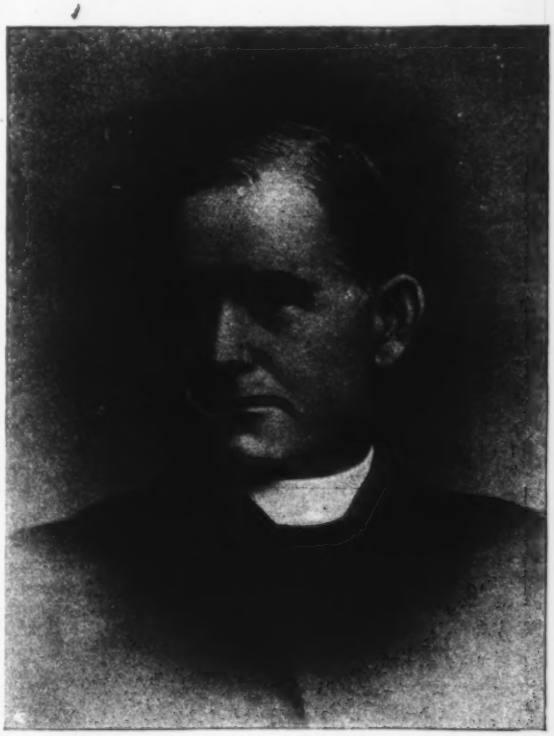
The spring publishing season brought many excellent books, but the depression, unfortunately existing throughout the whole country, deterred the trade from speculating to any large extent.

Of course the Easter holidays, as usual, created a demand for cycling and road maps, and reminded booksellers of necessary preparations for literature suited to outdoor recreation. War books were little in request, and the sale of war maps practically ceased.

One of the most successful books was unquestionably Sir Archibald Geikie's volume of good stories entitled "Scottish Reminiscences," and in biography "The Life of the Marquis of Dalhousie," by Sir William Lee-Warner; "Newman," by Dr. Barry; and "Dean Farrar's Life," by his son, proved attractive at all the best libraries.

A steady sale was still obtained for Hancock's "Japanese Physical Training," and as we write a companion work reaches us entitled "Japanese Physical Training for Women," which will doubtless gain similar popularity. Mr. Hodgson's excellent work on "Trout Fishing" attracted the favourable notice of the followers of the "gentle art," and sold well.

Many excellent six-shilling novels were issued. Only a small proportion, however, of these secured the sale which they merited. The following were noticeable in orders received:—"The Interloper," by Violet Jacob; "The Magnetic North," by E. Robins; "Deliverance," by E. Glasgow; "Uriah the Hittite," by Dolf Wyllarde; "As We Forgive Them," by W. Le Queux; "Tomaso's Fortune," by H. S. Merriman; "The Woman with the Fan," by R. Hichens; "Original Woman," by F. F. Moore; and perhaps the most popular of all was "Pa Gladden," by Elizabeth Cherry Waltz.



William Barry, D.D.

Dr. Barry's "Newman" has recently appeared in the "Literary Lives" series, published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

The new pocket editions of Ruskin's works were deservedly popular, and two new volumes in Cassell's thin paper issue of R. L. Stevenson's novels were readily bought.

Some interest was renewed in the Carlyle controversy by the publication of "New Letters of Thomas Carlyle," edited by Alexander Carlyle, and as a reference book the appearance of the 23rd edition of "Haydn's Dictionary of Dates" was an event of considerable interest to those in charge of public institutions and reference libraries.

Mainly owing to press notices in some of the weekly journals, the sales of Bilse's "Life in a Garrison Town" continued and exceeded all expectations.

"Rome in Ireland," a new book written by the author of "Priests and People in Ireland," although just published, already points to becoming a notable work. The following sixpenny reprints of popular works had a large sale:—"Put Yourself in His Place," by Charles Reade; "For Faith or Freedom," by W. Besant; "The Conscience of Coralie," by F. F. Moore; "From Clue to Capture," by D. Donovan; "Cardinal's Snuff Box," by H. Harland; "Red Pottage," by M. Cholmondeley; and "The Ayres of Studleigh," by A. S. Swan. "C. B. Fry's Magazine" made a most promising start as a new comer.

The following is our usual list of best selling books during the month:—

Scottish Reminiscences. By Sir Archibald Geikie 6s. net. (Maclehose.)
Dean Farrar's Life, by his Son. 6s. net. (Nisbet.)
Japanese Physical Training. 5s. net. (Putnam.)

Trout Fishing. By W. Earl Hodgson. 7s. 6d. net. (Black.)
Real Siberia. By J. Foster Fraser. 3s. 6d. (Cassell.)
Rome in Ireland. By M. J. F. McCarthy. 6s. (Hodder.)
New Letters of Thomas Carlyle. 2 vols. 25s. net. (Lane.)
Napier's Battles in the Peninsula. 2s. 6d. net. (Murray.)
Life in a Garrison Town. By Lieut. Bilse. 6s. (Lane.)

Six Shilling Novels.

Pa Gladden. By Elizabeth Cherry Waltz. (Hodder.)
The Interloper. By Violet Jacob. (Heinemann.)
Magnetic North. By E. Robins. (Heinemann.)
Deliverance. By E. Glasgow. (Constable.)
Uriah the Hittite. By Dolf Wyllarde. (Heinemann.)
As We Forgive Them. By W. Le Queux. (White.)
Tomaso's Fortune. By H. S. Merriman. (Smith, Elder.)
Woman with the Fan. By R. Hichens. (Methuen.)
Triumph of Mrs. St. George. By Percy White. (Nash.)
Strong Mac. By S. R. Crockett. (Ward, Lock.)
The Vineyard. By John Oliver Hobbes. (Unwin.)
Original Woman. By F. F. Moore. (Hutchinson.)

The Booksellers' Diary.

MAY 6—JUNE 5.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

May 6th.

COLEMAN, JOHN.—Fifty Years of an Actor's Life, 24s. net (Hutchinson)
HEZLET, MAY.—Ladies' Golf, 6s. net ..... (Hutchinson)
HAYES, F. W.—The Shadow of a Throne, 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)
"RITA."—The Masquerader, 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)
LOCKHART, J. G.—Life of Sir Walter Scott. Abridged. Library of Standard Biographies. 1s. and 2s. ..... (Hutchinson)
CALDECOTT, PROF. A., D.D., AND REV. DR. H. R. MACKINTOSH.—Selections from the Literature of Theism 7s. 6d. net ..... (T. and T. Clark)
ROSS, REV. D. M., D.D.—The Teaching of Jesus. Bible Class Handbook. 2s. ..... (T. and T. Clark)
RUSSELL, W. CLARK.—Wrong Side Out, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
OUIDA.—Tricotrin. Popular Edition. 6d. ..... (Chatto)
DONOVAN, DICK.—The Man from Manchester, 2s. ... (Chatto)
LEHMANN, F. C.—Harry Fudyer at Cambridge, and Conversational Hints. 1 Vol. 1s. ..... (Chatto)

May 9th.

CLARE, AUSTIN.—Court Cards, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
VANBRUGH, SIR JOHN.—Select Plays. Ed. by A. E. H. Swain. 2s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
CHAPMAN, GEORGE.—Best Plays.—Ed. by William Lyon Phelps. Mermaid Series. New Thin Paper Edition. 2s. 6d. net and 3s. 6d. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
BOUTMY, EMILE.—The English People. Translated by E. English. 16s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)

May 10th.

CREIGHTON, CHARLES, M.D.—Shakespeare's Story of His Life, 10s. net ..... (Grant Richards)
WARREN, HENRY.—The Customer's Guide to Banking, 6s. (Grant Richards)
KEITH, LESLIE.—Not Even a Tragedy, 6s. ... (Grant Richards)
CONSTABLE, F. C.—The Prize: Social Success, 5s. net (Grant Richards)
CHAUCER, GEOFFREY.—Poetical Works. Vol. II. World's Classics ..... (Grant Richards)
HAZLITT, WILLIAM.—The Spirit of the Age. (World's Classics) (Grant Richards)

May 12th.

SONNISCHEN, ALBERT.—Deep Sea Vagabonds, 6s. (Methuen)
CLINCH, GEO.—Isle of Wight. Little Guides. 3s. and 3s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
WILBERFORCE, W.—Velasquez. Little Books on Art. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
STONE, S. DE HOLDEN.—The Automobile Industry. Books on Business. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
SHAKESPEARE.—King Henry IV. Parts I., II. Little Quarto Shakespeare. 1s. net ..... (Methuen)
MARGUERITTE, PAUL AND VICTOR.—The Commune, 6s. (Chatto)
APPLETON, G. W.—The Lady in Sables, 6s. ..... (Chatto)

May 16th.

PHILPOTT, HUGH B.—London at School, 6s. ... (Fisher Unwin)
PAYNE, C. E.—The Romance of a Lonely Woman, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
COOLIDGE, REV. W. A. B.—The Bernese Oberland. Vol. II. 10s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
CAMPBELL PRAED, MRS.—Nyria, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)

May 19th.

GASQUET, RT. REV. ABBOT.—English Monastic Life. Antiquaries Books. 7s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
HOBSON, J. A.—International Trade, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
HUGHES, THOMAS.—Tom Brown's Schooldays. Notes by Vernon Rendell. Min. Lib. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
MARCHMONT, A. W.—A Moment's Error, 6d. ..... (Methuen)
BENNETT, ARNOLD.—A Great Man, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
RUSSELL, W. CLARK.—The Convict Ship. Popular Edition. 6d. (Chatto)
SIMS, GEORGE R.—Rogues and Vagabonds, 2s. ..... (Chatto)

May 21st.

DAVIDSON, PROF. O. B., D.D., etc.—The Theology of the Old Testament, 12s. ..... (T. and T. Clark)
INGE, REV. W. R., M.A.—Faith and Knowledge (T. and T. Clark)
GEERE, H. VALENTINE.—By Nile and Euphrates. Illustrated (T. and T. Clark)

May 24th.

AGRESTI, OLIVIA ROSSETTI.—Giovanni Costa; His Life, Work, and Times, 21s. net ..... (Grant Richards)
INGRAM, JOHN H.—Christopher Marlowe and His Associates, 12s. 6d. net ..... (Grant Richards)
MAXWELL, W. B.—The Ragged Messenger, 6s....(Grant Richards)
COURTNEY, W. L.—The Development of Maeterlinck, 3s. 6d. net (Grant Richards)
MANNOCK, J. P.—Billiards Expounded. Vol. II. 7s. 6d. net (Grant Richards)
TOLSTOY, LEO.—What is Art? Translated by Aylmer Maude. 1s. net ..... (Grant Richards)
BROWNING, ROBERT.—Poetical Works. Vol. I. World's Classics ..... (Grant Richards)
SMITH, ADAM.—The Wealth of Nations. Vol. II. World's Classics ..... (Grant Richards)

May 25th.

HATCH, ERNEST F. G.—Far Eastern Impressions, 6s. net (Hutchinson)
"A Foreign Resident."—Society in the New Reign, 16s. (Fisher Unwin)
DAVIES, MARY.—The Housewife's What's What, 6s. net (Fisher Unwin)
HERRING, FRANCES.—In the Pathless West, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
TRUSCOTT, L. PARRY.—Motherhood, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)

May 26th.

LE QUEUX, WM.—The Hunchback of Westminster, 6s. (Methuen)
AMHERST OF HACKNEY, THE LADY.—A Sketch of Egyptian History from the Earliest Times to the Present Day, 10s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
CARLYLE, THOMAS.—Life and Letters of Oliver Cromwell. Introduction by C. H. Firth. Notes, etc., by Mrs. S. C. Lomas. 3 Vols. 18s. net ..... (Methuen)
SMEDLEY, F. E.—Frank Fairleigh. Illustrated Pocket Library. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
DUMAS, ALEX.—Nanon, 6d. ..... (Methuen)
HUME, FERGUS.—The Wheeling Light, 6s. ..... (Chatto)
SIMS, GEORGE R.—Among My Autographs, 3s. 6d. ... (Chatto)

May 30th.

FURNESS, ANNETTE.—The Melpomene Papers, 3s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin)
CLEEVE, LUCAS.—The Foolkiller, 6s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)
MAHAFFY, J.P., D.D. (Editor).—The Particular Book of Trinity College, Dublin, 21s. ..... (Fisher Unwin)

June 2nd.

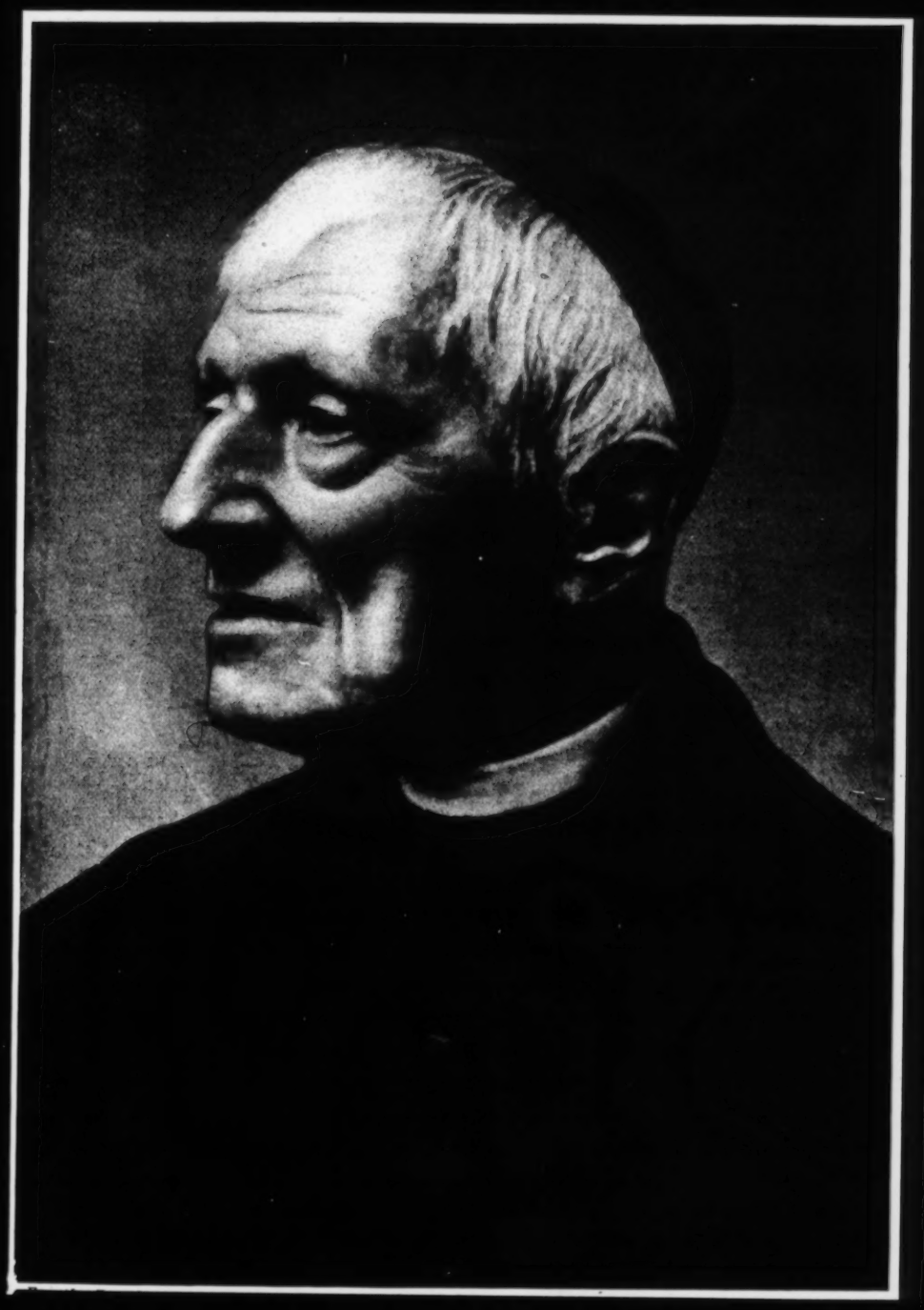
PETT RIDGE, W.—George and the General, 6d. ..... (Methuen)
MOIL, A.—Mining and Mining Investment. Books on Business. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)

June 5th.

CROKER, B. M.—Pretty Miss Neville. Popular Edition. 6d. (Chatto)

During the Month. Dates Uncertain.

OLD HUMPHREY.—John Strong, 2s. ... (Religious Tract Society)
MOORE, HENRY CHARLES.—Through Flood and Flame, 2s. (Religious Tract Society)
PURSER, BEATRICE M.—When Daddie's Ship Comes In, 1s. (Religious Tract Society)
EVERETT-GREEN, E.—The Jilting of Bruce Heriot, 2s. 6d. (Religious Tract Society)
BEDFORD, H. LOUISA.—Carew of Burcombe, 1s. (Religious Tract Society)
SIDNEY, PHILIP.—A History of the Gunpowder Plot, 5s. (Religious Tract Society)
GRONAU, G.—Titian, 7s. 6d. net ..... (Duckworth)
MORISON, M.—A Lonely Summer in Kashmir, 7s. 6d. net (Duckworth)
LIPSETT, E. R.—Father Clancy, 6s. ..... (Duckworth)
STATHAM, COMMANDER E. R., R.N.—The Story of the "Britannia" Training Ship for Naval Cadets, 12s. 6d. net (Cassell)
BURTON, W.—English Earthenware and Stoneware, 30s. net (Cassell)
HILL, HEADON.—The Kiss of the Enemy, 6s. ..... (Cassell)
"Q." (A. T. Quiller Couch).—The Ship of Stars, 6d. ..... (Cassell)
The Work of G. W. Joy, 42s. net ..... (Cassell)
TREVES, SIR FREDK., K.C.V.O.—The Student's Handbook of Surgical Operations. New Edition. 7s. 6d. ..... (Cassell)



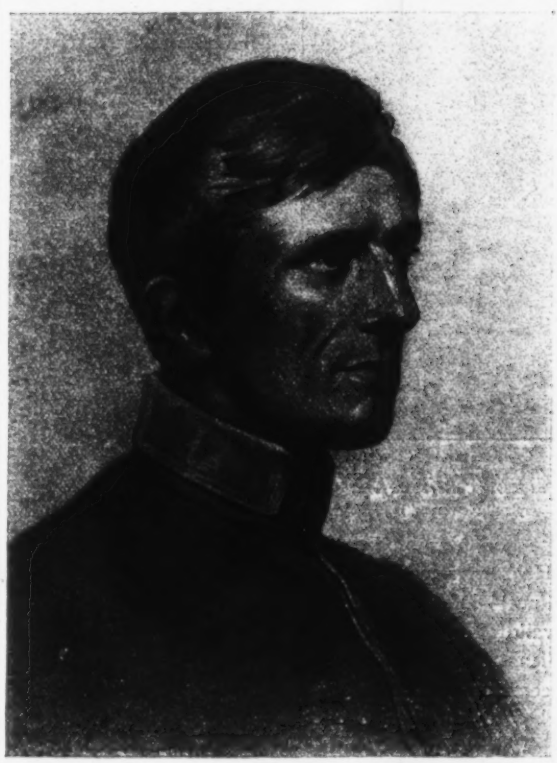
The Reader.

NEWMAN AND DISRAELI.

By Wilfrid Meynell.

THE descent of Newman from Newmanns, who were Dutch Hebrews, is asserted by Dr. Barry in what is to me the most interesting passage in an all-interesting book. True, the theories we build on heredity are often unconvincing. If John Henry's "talent for business," "untiring energy," and "dislike of speculative metaphysics" are part of his Hebrew heritage, as Dr. Barry holds, we must have other handy explanations for the double failure of the father of the Newmans as a banker and a brewer, and, in the Cardinal's generation, for Francis's love of speculation and hatred for the theory of an All-Father with a partial eye for chosen people. And there was a third Newman brother, of whom little has been heard, but who seems to have here the right that has so rarely fallen to him of an appropriate mention. Why did heredity do naught for him?

This omitted brother, Charles Robert Newman, acted, some sixty or seventy years ago, as usher in a large school for farmers' sons near to Julius Hare, at Hurstmonceaux. He had ceased to believe in revelation, and to the Archdeacon he complained of the illiberality of his brothers, those brothers whom Fate—that other ambiguous force often pitted by biographers against heredity—had not yet taken into its arms and flung violently apart. Charles Robert did not fare well with Sussex louts; and after a physical combat with his class, he was lost sight of by Hare, who, however, told stories, in later life, about this hapless brother of brothers who had meantime become illustrious. His unlikeness to them was the very point of such stories—the nature did not tally with the name. Writing to me many years later—I see it was in 1884, when Charles Robert had lately gone to his rest, and when stories of disaffection among the brothers were rife—Francis Newman said of this incompatible relative: "When my belief in Evangelical doctrine was most intense I was as far as I now am from approving unkind conduct to an unbeliever; and to the utmost of my power I have for the whole of my life befriended my deceased brother in every way which his own character and conduct made possible. My eldest brother, now Cardinal, never failed in generous desires and actions towards him. My sisters were as anxious as we could be to rescue him from a solitary unprofitable life. They found it impossible. In 1830-1, while I was absent from England, he wrote to our cousins, renouncing our family, and begging that they would not consider him to be a Newman. I never heard any reason for this, but that we were too religious for him. My mother was still alive. So far were we from casting him off that, ten years later, we two managed to put together funds for sending him to take a literary degree at Bonn University—at his earnest desire. He went, but came away without even offering himself for the degree. He told me why: he believed the judges would reject him, because of the offence he had given them by an essay which they called *teterrima*, namely, disgustingly immoral. Archdeacon Hare was not the only person who supposed him to be insane. A medical man wrote to me for instructions concerning my brother, 'the lunatic.' I replied by assuring him that he was as sane as any monk or nun" (as the celibate John Henry, you gather?)—"and that eccentricity must not be confounded with lunacy, nor the Socratic principle *Omnes stulti insaniunt* be relied on. I have long regarded my perverted brother as being the closest representation of an ancient Cynic Philosopher the 19th century can afford. In good earnest he believed his own conduct, when least approved by others, to be right and wise."



Cardinal Newman, 1844.

From the Drawing by George Richmond, R.A., in the possession of H. E. Wilberforce, Esq.

"His appearance was striking. He was above the middle height, slight and spare. His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Cæsar. The forehead, the shape of the ears and the nose, were almost the same. The lines of the mouth were very peculiar, and I should say exactly the same. I have often thought of the resemblance, and believe that it extended to the temperament."—Description by Anthony Froude.

Rischgitz Collection.

That is surely a study in psychology from the hand and heart of a master. What man with experience of life does not know the symptoms by rote? The monograph tells us much more than that there was one ne'er-do-well, to the manner born, among three Newmans. Well, they at least had this good fortune: the problem of Heredity that baffles us from their eyes closes with

those eyes. Sane or wise, celibate or married, the three Newmans leave no successors to their various blood. The peace that is to follow on the feud between the alien forces within the same family, within the same man, is not to be established in their line. They help in this particular to simplify the science of life only by ceasing to be.

If the clue of heredity so often and successfully eludes us, shall we find our way nimbly and surely amidst the maze of Circumstance? Circumstance is an admitted master: it includes all education; it is the hammer of date and fact upon soft metal. Yet Newman's career is in the main a protest against Circumstance; and one reason why Dr. Barry's discovery of his Hebrew lineage comes home to me is this—that I had noted a certainly re-

Cardinal Newman.
After the Miniature painted by Sir W. C. Ross in the possession of Mr. Henry Hucks Gibbs. Portrait at Keble College, Oxford.
(Reproduced from William Barry's "Newman.")

markable chain of circumstance and bias binding together Newman and another Hebrew, if you please—(which at first mention you will not)—Disraeli. Step by step they seem to be led or to walk together; yet remain in the end superficially such aliens that the mere mention of their names in union seems an offence. Nay, where the names have been before set beside each other it has been solely in antithesis. Froude, with a sense of the congruous, dreaming of Young England and the Oxford movement, hastens to declare: "The juxtaposition of Newman and Disraeli cannot be thought of without an involuntary smile." Later, when Froude, whom Newman had once dominated, came to write of Disraeli, the Disraeli fascination caught even him. He probably ceased to smile at the suggestion of a Disraeli-Newman moral congruity, but he failed to note the notches of coincidence by which many facts and incidents of their personal history do most strangely converge and tally.

Newman and Disraeli were both born of mercantile families, and our knowledge that in each case their Hebrew progenitors came for refuge to England (and came alike from Holland) allows us a moment's pause to consider the revenges which Time's deliberate hand deals out to the persecutor. What place might not Spain have held to-day in the councils of Europe had Disraeli been her Prime Minister instead of England's—the punished Spaln that drove forth his forefathers, and the rewarded England to which they came *(viâ* Venice and Amsterdam) with a welcome? And had the Newmanns remained in Holland, and Mr. Kruger instead of Lord Salisbury been the High Churchman, who knows if the map of South Africa might not have been less bloody red to-day?

The two boys, City born both of them, were accordantly taken by their parents to Bloomsbury Square. In that same garden these Unlike Likes played—John Henry three or four years the senior of Benjamin. The University was a barrier between their youth, though the Oxford that loved Newman was later to level it down as best it might, when it gave Disraeli an honorary degree and the most enthusiastic personal welcome accorded to any man in contemporary memory. Each stripling alike thought of the law as a profession; each entered at Lincoln's Inn, ate a few dinners at that Bar, then abandoned it for ever. Celibacy had a common uncommon attraction. When Newman was vowing himself vaguely to a single life, conscious that he, too, would be found

"With Paul's sad girdle bound,"

Disraeli was saying of Sidonia—the character in which he most closely shadowed himself*—"He was a man who notoriously would never diminish by marriage the purity of his race." When Disraeli did marry, he married a lady of a certain age, deciding as surely as Newman to be childless: not a Jewish note, by any means, but rather another nut for the too facile citers, at convenience, of Heredity, to crack. One may add here as a uniting seriousness that of Newman and Disraeli alike there is no record, not a rumour, of light affections: a rare link if you come to think of the histories of the statesmen or even the ecclesiastics of their generation.

Each man went Eastward, and, marvellous indeed, returned West with a mission. "It was on the plains of Troy that I first conceived this Work"—Work with a capital W—says Disraeli, with a salient suggestion of union between word and deed, in the opening sentence of the preface to the original edition of "The Revolutionary Epic"—the poem which exploits those ideas of democracy his Reform Bill was one day to make a part of the British constitution. And from the East he travelled home in hot haste, inly sure that destiny would

* It is not, perhaps, a mere coincidence that the first three letters of Disraeli are merely reversed in the first three letters of Sidonia, *Dis, Sid.*

give him the means to translate his dreams into doings. "An excited hour" he calls that time of evocation and exaltation. "An excited hour!" And Newman, sitting on his bed at Palermo, almost at that same moment, and excited even to fever, wept to himself, and said: "I shall not die: I have a work to do in England." He did not quite know what he meant until later—until he arrived in England just in time to hear Keble's sermon on "National Apostacy," the beginning of the Oxford movement. "You shall know the difference, now that I am back again," is Newman's motto from Achilles outside the walls of Troy.

Photo H. W. Taunt, Oxford.

The Front of Trinity College as it was in Newman's time.

Newman took his degree at Trinity College in 1820, and remained three years longer in the position of scholar. When leaving Oxford, and bidding adieu to his private tutor, he says: "In him I took leave of my first College, Trinity, which was so dear to me, and which held in its foundations so many who had been kind to me, both when I was a boy and all through my Oxford life. Trinity had never been unkind to me. There used to be much snap-dragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence even unto death in my University."

That "excited hour" timed a long life, and had this amazing result in common—it educated a party, and altered a creed, one in the State, the other in the Church. Again, in that process of conversion, each leader had for his agents "the dear young men." "Joy of our Youth" is the definition of God given by the Psalmist and repeated by the acolyte at the foot of every Mass-altar in Christendom. Newman and Disraeli alike caught that password from the Singer of Israel. "Coningsby or the New Generation"—one gets the idea of it in the very title of his most didactic novel; and to "all these young men" Newman, in part, dedicates the *Apologia*. In theory and practice also were these two one. They wrote of the young, and they also gathered them into the ranks of service. Each had his bodyguard; and the "But is Newman a GOOD man?" which anxious mothers pathetically wrote to Oxford when they heard of him as a subtle one, whom their sons sought, is the parallel of that familiar passage in which the fathers of Lord John Manners and George Smythe exchanged sharper fears about the influence of Disraeli over ingenuous juvenility. And each leader (leading absurdly alike under the difficulties of having no "connexions" and putting out a Pusey and a George Bentinck as figure-heads) had to encounter the suspicions directed against pioneers and teachers. "Do not," cried Macaulay, in the House of Commons, "Do not let us import the morality of Tract XC. into our discussions!" Do not, sighed Bishop Wilberforce in effect on many occasions, let us import the morality of Disraeli into ours! In even the details of attack, ignoble inuendoes went a-flying. If John Henry had a weakness, purred a pious Mozley relative (all claws), it was his love of the aristocracy; and Disraeli, who spent his life in telling the aristocracy home-truths they

Photo H. W. Taunt, Oxford.

Oriel College, Oxford, showing Newman's Rooms.

Newman was elected Fellow of Oriel, April 12th, 1822.

"He became Fellow of Oriel on April 12th, 1822—a day which he judged to be the turning-point in his life, and of all days most memorable. 'It raised him,' he said long afterwards, 'from obscurity and need to competency and reputation;' it 'opened upon him a theological career, placing him on the high and broad platform of University society and intelligence;' and it brought him across the teaching of those various schools whereby the religious sentiment in his mind was led on, as he considered, to its legitimate issue."—William Barry's "Newman."

are only now beginning to comprehend, exposed himself to the same snobbish suspicion. This Prince of the Church, and this peer of England, knew precisely the essential values of men; they knew, too, the uses of accidents; and when one man wrote a manifesto on English Catholic loyalty, and the other on Irish Catholic disloyalty, each began with the same three words—"My dear Duke"—the Duke of one being Marlborough, and of the other Norfolk. And, talking of letters, one holds one's breath to find the Cardinal denying that he had written a certain startling passage in his letter to his Bishop about the Vatican Council. Why, it covers that denial of the letter to Peel which some have made the front of Disraeli's offending. One, unsuspected, was allowed to forget; not the other. The precedent of Newman, of his unquestioned good faith, offers the best solution to the only mystery that has to be faced by the biographer of the Minister.

A larger kinship is seen in the strangely similar

Photo H. W. Taunt, Oxford. **Newman's Cottage at Littlemore.**

In 1842 Newman retired to Littlemore, three miles from Oxford, where he turned some disused stables into a hermitage for himself and a House of Studies.

"When all was done, the place still looked outside what it had always been—a range of stabling. But these were not the times for 'externals;' and the cells were soon filled with men all in deadly earnest about 'the interior life.'"—Wilfrid Meynell's "John Henry Newman."

fates of Newman and Disraeli in the camps in which they became chiefs. Each was resented. Newman confessed that he suffered more at the hands of the Catholics whom he joined, and in a sense rehabilitated, than at the hands of the Anglicans whom he abandoned. That Disraeli did not think the Carlton Club the especial home of gratitude is a commonplace. Each held himself to be at one time and another the best hated man in England. Nor was the disaffection confined to the rank and file. Newman had his Manning and his Ward, where Disraeli had his Salisbury and his Beresford Hope. The love of paradox, common to each of these giants, had its deterrent effect upon many who wished to be followers. One of the Oxford converts who became a Catholic with Newman, and an Oratorian, explained to me why he afterwards left—as he did—that goodly fellowship of Filippini. "I could not stand Newman's paradoxes," he said fiercely:—reminding me at the moment of members of the House of Commons (that well-named House of *Commons*) who, though seated on Disraeli's side, avowed that when he spoke they did not know whether they stood on their heads or their heels. *He* had once stood on his head for that matter—at Marylebone, but how differently! Perhaps each used paradox to startle the dull into reflections, and in part succeeded, just as each used, at need, over-emphasis as a weapon. People do not hear you unless you shout, was, in effect, Disraeli's plea. "The general effect is the thing," he tells his sister, who is sensitive under the terms of the onslaught on O'Connell. When I speak in an ordinary tone, nobody listens, Newman conceded, in a letter to Sir William Cope about the controversy with Kingsley. Despite these exaggerations, and whatever failure there may have been in the carrying of it out, the purpose of both men was to restore true meaning to words. Disraeli, in his General Preface to his novels, states that as part of his programme—to assimilate ideas and phrases—the word Queen with the real idea of ruling Queendom, and the word Empire with imperial aims, for instance. Newman's mission in another province was the same. He found the word Catholic Church in his creed, and he could not rest till he had vitalised and actualised it. In the same spirit it was that when the Catholic Hierarchy signed a protest against Bradlaugh's admission to Parliament, Newman hesitated for a satisfactory and uniform definition of the word "God" in the formal oath. At last, and for both, the day of distrust ended; and the final apotheosis of each man with his own party, nay, with the nation at large, should perhaps be my final word.

For it is easy, once you set out on the rails of coincidence, to run amuck. That way lies madness. Yet the friendly reader will scarce grudge the casual writer the gratification of an idiosyncrasy. I like, then, to imagine that perhaps there was also something akin below the surface of these two men in their admitted common love of ceremonies. I see Newman kneeling "alone with the Alone" at the evening service of Benediction in the church at Edgbaston, its altar all ablaze with candles; and Disraeli, returning to Park Lane, wearied with the long night in Parliament, and "craving light," if Meredith's elemental phrase may be so applied. "Lights, lights, lights," said Lady Beaconsfield, "Dizzy is happy if I give him plenty of lights." These are Nature's jewels, dear to the eyes

of Jews; they shine doubly, for they are symbols. Strange out-of-the-way mental meeting-places were theirs. In Spain Disraeli became acutely aware of Blanco White, who, later, was to meet and influence Newman in Oxford. And in the page of Coventry Patmore, seer as well as poet, these two men, almost alone among contemporaries, have a meeting—a most awkward one. "Their Jew," the Jew of "the false English nobles," jostles against the Churchman (and he, too, "the Jew," as we now know, if you come to that!) who inspires the lines:

"Sweetly the light
Shines from the solitary peak at Edgbaston."

Even the odd chance which took Disraeli and Newman at the end of their days to the Millais studio at Palace Gate, recurs to my memory. But there, alas! memory strikes a discord. "Why, Mr. Cardinal, what a lovely complexion you have; it is the complexion of a child," exclaimed the painter to the aged Churchman who could still blush at a compliment on his appearance, the first that he had ever heard. Disraeli's hue was ashen; the nightly baking at St. Stephen's for about fifty years had dried and cooked it into the skin of a mummy. "He was like a three days' corpse," his friends said; and, indeed, he went to death before the last sitting to "Apelles" was given. I like the wandering fancy that Birmingham—the Birmingham of Newman—was named a little prophetically by Disraeli as the home of the Imperialism that was to vex the heels of his own:

"Were you ever at Birmingham?" asks Coningsby in his first talk with Edith Milbank.

"Yes," with a sigh.

"What a splendid music-hall!"

There is symbolism in that too, but I hope only for those who like the finding of it. Lastly, if Birmingham is to house and foster the progeny, real or bastard, of Disraeli's Imperialism, I note that, by fair exchange, Father Basevi—a member of the family of Disraeli's mother—serves the altar at the London Oratory founded by Newman. And to all these things, long pondered over or played with, Dr. Barry's attribution of Jewish blood to Newman supplies a new zest and possibilities more imaginatively profound.

Did these twin sons of Circumstance recognise each other? Nay, not for the twinkling of an eye. The student of human psychology will not need to be told as much. Gladstone and Manning, when they met during the middle 'seventies, "looked the other way," as one of them put it to me. That, mentally and spiritually, was precisely what Newman and Disraeli did all their time on earth together. When they exchanged speech, it was as aliens. Referring to the secession of Newman, Disraeli said, a quarter of a century later, that it was a blow under which the Anglican Church still reeled, and he added that it was "a blunder." The assurance of Downing Street seemed to Newman to stalk in that word "blunder," and the assurance of the novelist (who, like Newman himself, one should note, wrote stories and poems with a purpose) peeped out in the faint suggestion that a close study of *Coningsby* might have sufficed to keep Newman an Anglican. There, at any rate, was an appreciation of

Photo H. W. Taunt, Oxford.

The Porch of St, Mary's, Oxford.

Newman became Vicar of St. Mary's, March 14th, 1828.

"Who would resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of S. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music—subtle, sweet, mournful? Happy the man who in that susceptible season of youth hears such voices! They are a possession to him for ever."—Matthew Arnold.

Photo R. C. Chapman, Stalybridge.

The Interior of Oscott College Chapel.

Showing the pulpit from which Newman preached "The Second Spring."

"The restoration of the Catholic Hierarchy in September, 1850, was to have important consequences for Father Newman. He preached his never-to-be-forgotten sermon on 'The Second Spring' at its opening Synod, held in the chapel of St. Mary's, Oscott—a sermon which Macaulay is said to have known by heart, and from which he used to recite in tones of enthusiasm."—Outline of Newman's Life, by William Barry.

From an Engraving by Joseph Brown. **Cardinal Newman.**

Newman's weight—wanting, perhaps, in the reply of Newman, less than civil, that he would no more expect Disraeli to deliver himself as other than a mere politician than he would look to a chimpanzee to bear a human baby.

The mere politician! Fie on the word from a child of Moses! Judaism has at any rate this eternal message to man—the government of God at the hands and mouths of men. And in Christ, Lawgiver as well as Lover, these two developed or "completed Jews," as Disraeli called Christians, gain a sure unity of aim (whether the label be secular or religious) that answers to the tale of their unity in so many of the ways and means of their careers.

DR. WILLIAM BARRY'S APPRECIATION OF NEWMAN.*

By JOHN OLIVER HOBBES.

HAS any comparison ever been made between the minds of Cardinal Newman and Lord Beaconsfield? Dr. Barry has not done so, but, of all living critics, I think he could draw up the similarities which, beyond doubt, existed in the two characters, and the utterly different points of view which made the priest the impassioned pleader of other-worldliness, and the Prime Minister, the brilliant satirist, yet lover, of the world as politicians know it. Newman, as Disraeli, was not by right of blood, English. He came of Dutch-Jewish, and French Huguenot stock—an extraordinary and powerful combination. He received, however, the Oxford University training at a time when the Oxford spirit was untouched by the æsthetic yearning for Greek culture or the desire to be more German than the Teutons in applying metaphysic to the rules of daily life. When Newman won a Trinity Scholarship, the system of education was mainly "gentleman-like and safe"— above all, safe. That is to say, one accepted, without a misgiving, those under-statements which are called obvious facts because most persons are too indolent to examine them. Newman may have been reserved, but he was certainly not indolent. His genius was all for the discernment of the unseen and the design of the intangible.

"Imagination, with Newman, was reason," says Dr. Barry, "as with Carlyle, Wordsworth, Goethe, and Shakespeare—not the base, mechanical process that grinds out conclusions from letters of the alphabet . . . . but the swift, sudden grasp of an explorer, making his way from crag to crag."

Yet, in spite of this temperament, he would show that adherence to the real and concrete which is peculiarly Jewish: his early sermons have the rage for a system, for an established order, for the power and the wrath of a jealous God, for the downfall of enemies, for the earthly, visible triumph of the chosen race which belongs to the Old Dispensation and is formed, even in minds of languid calibre, by a sympathetic study of the Old Testament and the Psalms.

Grave and shocking injustice was meted out to Newman by ordinarily good Christians: Cardinal Manning, who was an English ecclesiastic of the orthodox pattern, disliked him, feared him, and actually injured him—so injured him that the history of both Cardinals presents a painful chapter in the annals of Roman controversy.

This truth must be faced—men may think in England, but they must pay a heavy penalty for the privilege: thought as thought is un-English, alien, mysterious, and suspected. Any action—no matter how mad in itself, how disastrous to others, is preferred before any idea—no matter how beautiful or how profound.

Dr. Barry's book is, therefore, especially valuable because it is the appreciation, by a distinguished scholar who has also a cure of souls, of a noble personality who was never quite at ease, or at all in sympathy with the commonplace. Had Newman been less devout, less under orders, as it were, to love his neighbour, it is certain that he would have been a cynic, very bored, very exasperated; dependent on a few choice friends, contemptuous toward those outside his own exclusive circle. He was hard on his own weaknesses; a self-tormentor; he was hard on the weaknesses of others. But to those who understood him when he lived, and to

* "Newman." By William Barry, D.D. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

those who believe that they understand his writings now, the *Apologia* and every one of his sermons seem a personal communication from an intimate, loved friend. He speaks to the weary, the grieved, the perplexed, and the defiant as one in a century can speak even in the silence of his own heart; his language is the language of courageous, absolute sincerity—sincerity which does not fear to contradict itself or seem inconsequential; he asks boldly—"What do I really feel? What do I really think? I may see it all in another light or feel it all in another way to-morrow—but this, at least, is the truth as I know it to-day." He could not pretend, and he would not postpone an inconvenient meditation. Having disciplined his mind by study, he expressed his moods always with a purity of literary style which was natural to him—however unnatural or difficult it might have been to others. Disraeli's epigrams and rhetoric and so-called artificiality were equally natural in Disraeli; he, too, was, as Newman, a naif rather than a subtle writer; the subtlety was inherent, its expression was spontaneous, and to the writer himself, its meaning, at the time it was written, always seemed transparent.

Dr. Barry's brilliant book will appeal to every educated reader—quite irrespective of his prejudices in the matter of religious dogmata. Ruskin and Newman are the two supreme masters of modern English prose; to many they are also the two supreme masters of idealistic philosophy. Dr. Barry has brought out both these strong claims, and produced a volume which is as masterly in its criticism (a perishing art) as it is delightful in its companionship.

PEARL MARY TERESA CRAIGIE.

Photo Barraud. **Cardinal Newman.**

BENSON'S LIFE OF ROSSETTI.*

BY RICHARD GARNETT, C.B.

IT must sometimes happen that a biography appears in a series like the "English Men of Letters" more evidently prescribed by the credit of the collection than by the need of the public. Illustrious writers cannot be omitted without reproach, but sometimes they are so illustrious that the swarm of biographers has left nothing but mere palaver for its successors. Rossetti ought to be in this category, but is not. Mr. Watts-Dunton has not seen his way to write the biography which would have made further narrative superfluous; and the works of Messrs. Knight, Hueffer, Sharp, and Hall Caine, for all of which we have ample reason to be grateful, are either restricted in dimensions, or confined to particular portions of Rossetti's career. Mr. Benson is more favourably situated than his predecessors in respect of space, is inferior to none of them in qualification for his task, and has enjoyed the especial advantage of the cordial assistance of Mr. W. M. Rossetti, Mr. Watts-Dunton, and Mr. Fairfax Murray. It is of course impossible to produce a final and standard biography of Dante Rossetti within the limits imposed on a popular series. We are no advocates for diffuse biographical narrative; but the cover comprising it should at all events include the more remarkable of Rossetti's letters, especially those to Allingham; everything concerning him in the diaries of his brother and Mr. Madox Brown; and the *ipsissima verba* of Hake, Bell Scott, Hall Caine, and others who have given graphic descriptions from personal knowledge. This, with the corresponding enlargement of biographical detail necessary to secure balance of treatment, would make a volume of about the size of Mr. Sharp's memoir of Severn, and consequently far exceeding the scope permitted to Mr. Benson. To this we must come, and meanwhile Mr. Benson occupies the field with honour, even distinction.

Mr. Benson deserves high credit for his repudiation of the ordinary fallacies respecting Rossetti's character. "Rossetti," he truly says, "is generally regarded as a man who tried to create an artificial paradise, and to drown the urgent voices of the world beneath the cooing of coteries. This is an entire misconception." It is, in fact, a generalisation from data imperfectly understood. The critic of Rossetti and many another gifted man begins by misjudging the author or artist, and then pourtrays the phantom of his own distempered imagina-

* "Rossetti." By Arthur C. Benson. English Men of Letters. 2s. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

tion. Keats, Tennyson, and Coventry Patmore have suffered in the same manner. Mr. Benson, with a truth and insight which shows that no side of Rossetti's character has escaped him, brings forward a number of traits wholly inconsistent with the representation of it which he rejects. "He had a great power of relentless observation, no foible or characteristic in his friends escaped him. He displayed the least attractive side of his nature in his acute bargaining. He had an absolutely dominant nature, not a deep-seated force of will, but a personal dominance. He was master of the moment, of the scene, of the company." It cannot be too strongly insisted upon that there was nothing originally morbid in Rossetti's character, still less any taint of effeminacy. It was sturdy, downright, practical; its faults were mainly those of the strong man too ruthlessly inconsiderate of the rights and claims of others. A morbid phase supervened, but from an extraneous cause, the use of chloral to allay physical suffering, by no means as an indulgence. The consequences were certainly most dismal: in the history of literature there is hardly a less edifying or more humiliating spectacle than that of this great genius engineering puffs for his poems, and driven to frenzy by so contemptible an attack as Robert Buchanan's, which he would have derided in his days of unclouded faculty. Mr. Benson deals too leniently with Buchanan, the motive of whose onslaught was unquestionably envy and nothing else. He himself gives us the measure of his sincerity by informing us that about the very time when he was denouncing a sonnet of Rossetti's, to which a prudish person might possibly have taken needless exception, he was quarrelling with Browning on account of Browning's condemnation of the unblushing indecencies of Walt Whitman. Whitman was too far off to give umbrage. "The distant Trojans never injured me."

From a Photograph taken by Father Anthony Pollen in the summer of 1889. **Cardinal Newman.**
(Reproduced by kind permission of the Catholic Truth Society.)

While vindicating Rossetti from misconceptions, and proclaiming with warm eulogy the true royalty of his nature, Mr. Benson regretfully admits that he did not fulfil its possibilities. This is true, but it is needless to seek another cause than the drug to which, assuredly with abundant palliation, he had become enslaved. Had Mr. Benson's book been deferred for a few weeks, he would have been able to cite Mr. Valentine Prinsep's authoritative contradiction of rumours which might seem suggestive of other causes. The main symptoms of the decadence are those which, as may be seen in Coleridge's case, a narcotic is especially adapted to produce, an irresolution most alien to Rossetti in his early days, and an instinctive shrinking from undertakings calculated to strain the faculties. Poetry, though destined to a splendid revival, remains for several years altogether in abeyance, and painting dwindles down to single figures, worth doing once perhaps, but unworthy of endless repetition. This sudden paralysis is most lamentable as the interruption of a career which might have been but beginning. Rossetti would never have been great in technique, except as a colourist; but in the more important points of poetical imagination and dramatic expression he had no rival save Millais, whose great period terminated much at the same time as his own, though from widely different causes. Having begun with comparatively simple themes, he had just shown in his "Cassandra" that he possessed the gift of marshalling a number of figures, and combining them in vigorous action. It would be difficult to set bounds to his achievement, had but this progress continued. Unhappily, though nothing could deprive him of his mystical depth or patrician distinction, or dim the splendour of his colouring, the remainder of his history as a painter, so far as regards the expression of ideas, is not one of arrested development even, but of retrogression. It is painful to see the artist who had depicted Beatrice and her environment with such consummate dignity and pathos descend to mere studies from life attractive at most to the eye, and appealing but feebly to mind or heart. It can but be pleaded that this was the only kind of work to which his shattered nerves were equal.

It has been much disputed whether Rossetti ranks higher as painter or poet, and the controversy is not unnatural in the case of one whose poetry is so pictorial, and whose painting so poetical. We should nevertheless assign the higher rank to his poetry, for here he is consummate, while his painting has many flaws. It is true that these merely technical defects cannot weigh very heavily; they are notwithstanding something more than mere dust in the scale. But as a poet he is almost faultless, confining the consideration as it

ought to be confined, to his own peculiar sphere, and refraining from paralleling him with other poets whom he never sought to emulate. Compared merely with other English poets he appears as intensely original as Browning; but when we travel beyond our own literature, we find that he derives in a great measure from Italy. This, however, gives him his especial significance in English literature, for he represents the fusion of the English and Italian spirit in the same person. Much of his best work may be described as the Italian canzone animated with English objectivity and weighted with English thought. In other poems, more especially in his later ballads, he is more of an Englishman; while yet another class, principally short lyrics, seem entirely his own. The peculiar intensity recalls Browning, but the manner is quite different. The sonnets also, but for the numerous imitations they have evoked, stand entirely apart. Some of these, we apprehend, will not retain their present popularity; they are too alien from the simple dignity of the perfect sonnet, like water colours made effective by illegitimate devices. The best, however, are among his noblest works; in two ("Think thou and Act" and "On the Refusal of Aid between Nations") he reaches the sublime, an achievement most uncommon in Victorian poetry. It is seldom indeed that we can imagine any of his poems other, or wish it better, than it is. The great marvel, however, is that the same man should have achieved greatness as poet and painter, a circumstance which we believe to be absolutely unparalleled, save in the case of Michael Angelo, who vies with Rossetti in sonnet poetry alone, and who never attained Rossetti's mastery of poetical expression.

Mr. Benson is somewhat too much of a Puritan in treating of "The House of Life," but in general his criticism on Rossetti as a poet is excellent; his citations are admirably selected, he distinguishes ably between his author's earlier and later manners, and points out with delicate discrimination his peculiarities of style and versification, laudable and illaudable. In describing the effect of the "massive opening" of some of Rossetti's sonnets, he seems to catch a note from Rossetti himself:

"It is as when one waits in the stillness for the sounding of some far-off chime. At last the murmur, sweet as honey, comes softly brimming over, like water from an overflowing vessel slowly filled. Then the music topples delicately down, till the great hour-bell, in its wise, grave voice, proclaims the flight of time, and the hour is told."

It is remarkable that so grave and thoughtful a writer as Mr. Benson, who as a poet belongs to the school of Wordsworth, and whose deepest interests are evidently of an ethical nature, should write so sympathetically the life of an impulsive genius mainly swayed by instinct and inspiration, in whom the perceptive preponderated over the reasoning faculties; so irrationally disdainful of ethical, metaphysical, political and economical interests that it might have been said of him, as Rogers said of the elder Disraeli, "Here is a man with half an intellect, who writes books that must live." Mr. Benson has not allowed himself to be prejudiced by these disharmonies. He feels himself in the presence of a wonderful man, and fully conveys this impression to his readers.

Photo Adolphe Beau. **An Interesting Portrait of Cardinal Newman.**

"Slight and bent with age, with head thrust forward, and a quick firm gait, the great Oratorian might often be seen going from corridor to corridor, or across the school grounds. His head was large, the pink biretta made it seem still more so, and he carried it as if the neck were not strong enough for the weight. His face changed but little; yet he would be a bold man who attempted to describe its sweetness, its firmness, and its strength." —A. Pollen.

New Books.

CARLYLE AND HIS FRIENDS.*

It has been doubted by an able judge, Mr. W. L. Courtney, whether we have need of "more letters" from Carlyle. Something, I would say, depends on the audience to whom they are addressed. A new generation is here, and with it Froude's unparalleled outrage on the decencies of life, the duties of biography, and the claims of gratitude. Readers will not, in the long run, be persuaded by advocates for plaintiff or defendant; they will form their own impressions, if they are wise, by the study of Carlyle himself. And they cannot pass over his Correspondence. Now the unlucky fate of this high and noble spirit has betrayed his very letters, intimate, unreserved, but always, down to the last particle, stamped with his seal royal, into the hands of one who could not copy ten lines but he must blunder, and to the eyes of one who never saw what was before him. It is a calamity that touches us all. Froude is simply enchanting by force of style. But woe to the student that trusts him for any quotation, how brief soever. He had the most perfect genius for misunderstanding of any English writer on record. Hence, from him we can never be sure of getting Carlyle's

* "New Letters of Thomas Carlyle." Edited and annotated by Alexander Carlyle, with Illustrations. Two volumes. 25s. net. (John Lane.)

genuine text. We must go elsewhere—to the learned and amiable Professor Norton, to Mr. Alexander Carlyle, and to the volumes which have now appeared.

By way of having done with Froude, let us observe that the present selection was in type before his melancholy pamphlet had been given to the world last autumn. If it answers him, there is no design to do so, but the mere substance and natural momentum of the facts will speak to his confusion and that of his prompter, Miss Jewsbury. Fair dealing requires us to mark the upshot. Unless Carlyle was a sanctimonious hypocrite—which would be a novel reading of the man, and falls outside discussion—his references to Harriet, Lady Ashburton, living and dead, give the lie to all that Froude has alleged in this matter. Again, not a little turns, in relation to Mrs. Carlyle, on the episode of her illness in 1864, and her stay at St. Leonards. The letters which we find here, from the poor distracted husband, tell their own tale of an affection, deep and tremulous, which lays his heart bare. In many other letters, and by tokens not to be mistaken (unless one is a James Anthony Froude) the authentic history of that wedded life may be followed. To sum up, nothing is left of those charges except what we knew already—Carlyle's absorption in his health and his books, Mrs. Carlyle's nervous and distressing maladies, her varying moods where Lady Harriet was concerned. The dark "legend of Carlyle" that Froude has set going melts into his own malignant breath, but it leaves the accuser with a rope round his neck, knotted by his own hands.

Cardinal Newman, 1861.
Photo Adolphe Beau.

Still speaking to character, as distinct from literary worth, we perceive in this correspondence how heartfelt was Carlyle's attachment to his family, his clan, during all the changes that befel him. He was like an Arab, intensely tribal, casting up old cousinships, ready to share bread and salt with everyone who could claim to be "sib" with his people, and, though never rich, magnificent in gifts towards kith and kin. He was always beautifully detached from money, truly "poor in spirit." We knew by heart many of his letters to the dear old Mother at Scotsbrig, and hers to "Son Tom," brave as they are devout, with Psalm-tunes echoing through their simple phrases and not a touch of vanity, great as Tom had grown to be in far-off London. Most of what is here made public was written to Dr. John Carlyle, to brother Alick—and these pages are the kindest conceivable—to sister Jean Aitken, who had a hard struggle with life and was Carlyle's favourite. He tells them about his books, but only from the outside, and it is often a sad story. But his tone is invariably serious and believing; the image-breaker spares his own home; for the religion which is there cultivated he has no syllable of rebuke. If we might interpret him by such simple pious language, the cloud that hovers about Diogenes Teufelsdröckh would be relieved of its gloom. We cannot do it; Carlyle wrote to his mother in the dialect she loved; his thoughts were set to another key.

Beyond the tribe how was it? Had he friends? Shall we describe him as he did Sterling, ein gar brüderlicher Mann? Yes and no. Like the Quaker from whose journal Addison quotes, he could be "dogged, sinfully dogged"; moreover, he had a pen that scorched, a fancy that leapt out on paper unrestrained, a temperament fretted by long neglect, poverty, dyspepsia, and wrestlings with despair. Whoever is curious may look up the references to Froude (a just judgment!), to Disraeli, Gladstone, Palmerston; even to Harriet Martineau, Tennyson, Leigh Hunt, Dickens, Thackeray. All are, in more or less degree, ungenial; the worst are sardonic. Of real value they have seldom enough to detain us one moment. Forget them and pass on. Carlyle had a few dearly-loved friends, Forster, Edward FitzGerald, but far beyond the rest John Sterling. On that graceful electric son of the Muses he poured out an affection which was tender even to playfulness. We see it growing; we mark how the voice thrills, and the smile quickens, and the grief of parting will make itself heard, as in a passionate friendship. Carlyle's letter of August 27, 1844, three weeks before John died, is an absolute and unconscious masterpiece. He never did anything to match it before or afterwards. I cannot transcribe it here; but this I will say, Mlle. de L'Espinasse could not have excelled it in her highest flights of love and sorrow. It is the page I would select from these two volumes, had I but one to choose; if a second, it should be the picture of Mentone, which is flawless in all its lines. Certainly this man was born to be a friend. And here we will summon the disloyal Froude, who shall explain a contrast to us. "When more than one person was present," says Froude, "he spoke in monologue, pouring out cataracts generally of denunciation against all manner of things and persons. When alone with a single companion he was delightful, brilliantly entertaining, sympathetic, and even occasionally tolerant of what at other times he would execrate." Thus, in the language of Clough, "all is juxtaposition." But Carlyle was betrayed by his rhetoric into many sins. Heaven forgive him!

Photo T. Lewis, Birmingham.

Cardinal Newman's House in Alcester Street, Birmingham.

The two houses were formerly one, with Newman's church adjoining.

In 1847 Newman wrote a letter to Mr. Hope-Scott in Rome, in which he announced his intention of setting up an Oratory, mentioning Birmingham as a probable centre. A house in Alcester Street was taken, into which he entered in January, 1849. His first work was to have drawn up a list of names of the Fathers who should stay in Birmingham, and those who should be drafted to London for the foundation of a branch Oratory.

On these letters as literature, two things

may be remarked in our hasty notice. They are free from affectation, written in an English pure and strong, which was clearly the first that came to Carlyle when he did not look to the public. But they constantly want the transforming touch, and thereby prove him to have been in the right as to method, when he had that public in view. Here, we may say, is genius off duty. The master of epithet flings down a portrait now and then; the meditative seer falls into his customary musings. Yet an apprentice would be well employed who should compare the undress manner with the style of the books; then he would see how nature becomes art, how energy rises to its great effects, how the obvious is made convincing, and thought reaches a power that is almost physical. Carlyle's letters take us back to his youth, his solitude, his Scottish home, his peasant associations. They do honour to him as a son, a brother, a friend, a kindly helper of men and women in distress. On the whole they have not much concern with literature as made, or even in the making. For gaiety, life, movement, polish, they do not rival the brilliant sallies of Voltaire. They are the writing, swiftly thrown off, which for Carlyle ended a day's toil. We take them as they were intended; we learn from them how the world received and rewarded the teacher of righteousness; we pity, admire, love, and pardon this much-enduring man, who did not deserve to be nailed on a pillory by the disciple he chose, or under the guise of what is called Fame to be slandered and degraded when his lips were silent for ever.

WILLIAM BARRY.

THE REMINISCENCES OF A SCOTTISH GEOLOGIST.*

Since the publication of this volume, no one can have any excuse for regarding Sir Archibald Geikie as merely a severe scientist. The book is brimful of kindly feeling, keen appreciation, shrewd remarks, and pawky humour. For three score years he has mingled with all classes of his countrymen in his sojournings through every part of the land. He has watched the decay of old usages and the introduction of new ones, and has ever been on the outlook for illustrations of Scottish humour. As might have been expected, the reminiscences of such a man are instructive, suggestive, and highly entertaining. They reveal, moreover, the writer's many-sided nature; and unintentionally explain how he found so much pleasure in his work, and why he was so kindly received wherever he went. Many of his personal experiences have been very amusing; and in out-of-the-way places they have sometimes been startling. His descriptions of the persons, things, and customs he has critically observed are exceedingly interesting; and so are the little autobiographical touches.

"To Hugh Miller," he says, "I owe much, and am glad of every opportunity of acknowledging my indebtedness. His 'Old Red Sandstone' kindled in me, as it has done in so many others, an enthusiasm for the science to which he devoted his leisure hours, and an admiration for the well of English undefiled to be found in every page of his writing. He personally encouraged me in my earliest efforts at original observation. He introduced me to Murchison, and thus opened the way for my entry into the Geological Survey." One is pleased, but not surprised, to find tributes to such men as Hugh Miller and Charles Maclaren and Robert Chambers; and it is still more pleasant to find enshrined in these pages such a woman as Miss Darling, the farmers' sister, at Priestlaw in the Lammermuirs.

The intensity of Sir Archibald's devotion to his own work comes out incidentally in many parts of his book. His kindliness and gallantry are, perhaps, best seen in his trundling a wheel-barrow on a hilly road in Ayrshire, to relieve a milkmaid, who seemed to be somewhat tired. These milkmaids, he says, "are often admirable specimens of their sex, comely, well-grown, and strong, with a frankness and good humour delightful to meet with." He has much to say about the natives of the different parts of Scotland. The topography of the country has controlled the distribution of the various races; and the people, he holds, have been influenced by their environment and the climate.

He has sailed along a good part of the coast of Europe, including Norway and the Aegean Sea; and yet he is convinced that, "for variety of form, the west coast of Scotland is unsurpassed on the Continent, while for manifoldrange and brilliance of colour it has no equal." To fully appreciate the charm, however, it is not enough to stand on the deck of a swift steamer; one has to "live for a while amidst the scenery, and learn to know its infinite diversity of aspect under the changing moods of the sky." Thus it is that he has spent many of the happiest hours of his life.

The great number of racy anecdotes which this book contains will, no doubt, prove to some readers one of its most attractive features. Sir Archibald has tried to exclude stories which have already been told; but, as he feared, has not been quite successful. He is certainly not the first to record the conscientious scruples of the Fife shepherd, who could not whistle on his dog in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh because it was the fast-day in Kirkcaldy. The story of "Archie," the "natural," who did not intend to shoot himself, but just to give himself "a deevil o' a fleg," was told long ago about John Brown, a Biggar fiddler, who was not a natural, but sometimes indulged in hard drinking. These and a few others, though not absolutely fresh, can well bear repetition.

Ecclesiologists will be grateful to Sir Archibald for his graphic description of Sùla Sgeir, an uninhabited rock which rises out of the Atlantic, some forty miles to the north of the Butt of Lewis. It may help them to estimate more highly the courage of the Celtic saint who made it his "desert," and to realise more vividly the discomforts and the hardships which he endured. Antiquaries may feel disposed to chal-

Photo Barraud.

Cardinal Newman.

"Thin, pale, and with large lustrous eyes ever piercing through this vale of men and things, he hardly seemed made for this world."—Description by Thomas Mozley.

* "Scottish Reminiscences." By Sir Archibald Geikie. 6s. net. (James MacLehose and Sons.)

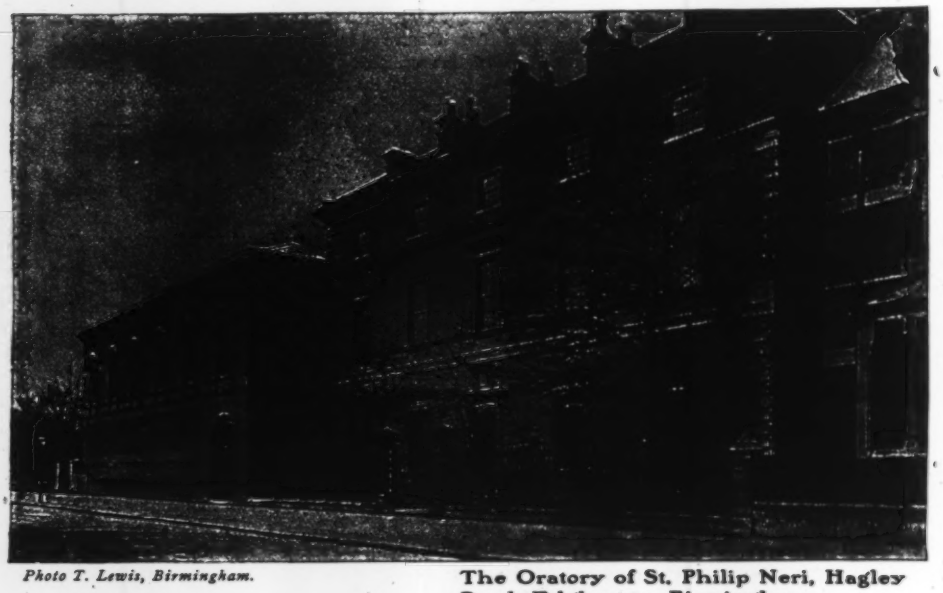


Photo T. Lewis, Birmingham.

The Oratory of St. Philip Neri, Hagley Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

Founded by Cardinal Newman.

"About a mile and a half from either of the Birmingham railway stations, a visitor who passes along the whole length of Broad Street to the 'Five Ways,' and then turns up the Hagley Road, in the pleasant suburb of Edgbaston, reaches a plain, substantial red-brick building on the right, which covers a very considerable piece of ground. It has no pretension to ecclesiastical style. The building adjoining, which has somewhat the appearance of a riding-school, and comes right up to the pavement with an almost unbroken red-brick frontage of some eighty feet, is the big room of the Oratory School in which the well-known Latin plays are annually performed; and an ostentatiously plain door at the nearer end of it, open in the morning and the evening, leads to the Oratory Church, through a pleasing little round-arched cloister, which bears marks rather of ingenious contrivance than of any boldly conceived design."—Description of the Birmingham Oratory.

lenge the accuracy of the statement that the famous stones of Callernish form "the most numerous group of standing stones in the British Islands." They may also dispute the opinion which would throw the church of Rodil, in Harris, back into the thirteenth century. The intelligent natives of the East Neuk of Fife will never believe that the house in Crail burying-ground was erected as a shelter for those who, with loaded guns, watched the dead. They know, and the construction of the building proves, that it was built as a mortuary, in which the dead might be securely kept until they were unfit for the anatomist.

If Sir Archibald has any special aversions they are apparently Calvinism and Sabbatarianism. Calvinists may, of course, retaliate by saying that he misunderstands their theological system; and Sabbatarians may repudiate some of his statements, not merely as offensive to them, but as inaccurate historically. Although he rejoices in the rapid disappearance of the old-fashioned strict observance of the day of rest, he seems to fear that there is now "a tendency for the pendulum to swing perhaps too far on the other side."

The book has one serious defect. A portrait of the genial author ought to have been given as a frontispiece.

D. HAY FLEMING.

Photo T. Lewis, Birmingham.

Cardinal Newman's Grave at Rednal, near Birmingham,

Where he was buried on August 19th, 1890.

"Simplicity and magnificence, directness and subtlety, were with him in death as in life. He died, a quiet, kindly old man, among his brethren of S. Philip, and his body was laid in state with the insignia of a Prince of the Holy Roman Church, and carried to the tiny graveyard of the Oratorians at Rednal, and left in the same grave as Ambrose St. John. Cor ad cor loquitur."—John Henry Newman, by A. R. Waller and G. H. S. Burrow.

MRS. FREEMAN AND MRS. MORLEY.*

To produce an uninteresting book on Sarah Jennings is almost beyond the reach of hackwork, while to add anything new to the wonderful story may well baffle the industry even of one who can boast of being her descendant. Both these difficulties are fully illustrated in Mrs. Colville's very entertaining volume, the preparation of which is modestly and properly described by the author as a work of compilation and arrangement. We have been unable to discover in the book any fruits of original research, nor has Mrs. Colville by the arrangement of her materials succeeded in throwing any new light on the character of the incomparable Sarah. "Another writer," says Mrs. Colville, "though abler, might have less sympathy for Sarah's character than one of her own descendants." In her lifetime sympathy was the last thing the Duchess desired, nor does her memory seem to require it of her historian. Mrs. Colville's sympathy occasionally takes the form of concealment of the truth—a very different matter, and one that impairs the historical value of her delightful, though discursive, narrative. Thus, for instance, nothing is said of how much John Churchill owed his unexampled promotion to his sister's position at Court. Nor is the ingratitude of Queen Anne and Mrs. Masham so black as Mrs. Colville paints it. That poor "Mrs. Morley" at last plucked up sufficient spirit to shut her door on "Mrs. Freeman" — Sarah

* "Duchess Sarah: being the Social History of the Times of Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough." Compiled and arranged by one of her descendants, Mrs. Arthur Colville. With ten photogravure plates. 18s. net. (Longmans.)

naïvely explains the choice of name, "my frank and open temper naturally led me to pitch upon Freeman"—is considerably less surprising than that she submitted to the domination so long; and if Abigail did prove ungrateful, she at least showed herself but a poor understudy of Sarah in the ungentle art of "getting on." Admiration, certainly, but no sympathy for Duchess Sarah! We could almost believe that Lamb had her character in mind when he sketched "old Sarah Battle, now with God." "She loved a thorough-paced partner, a determined enemy. She took, and gave, no concessions. She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She fought a good fight: cut and thrust." One may read volumes on the Duchess of Marlborough without arriving at so clear and just a characterisation.

For the achievement of a great career the lifetime of Sarah Jennings was pre-eminently *felix opportunitate*. She was born in the year of the Restoration, and she lived to see no fewer than five accessions to the throne. As a girl of fourteen she entered the Court in the retinue of the Princess Anne the year that Milton died, and she lived to become the intimate friend of Pope, and Chatham, and Chesterfield. Had ever a brilliant woman such opportunities? Kneller's portrait confirms history in painting her as beautiful, brilliant, and ambitious. She came of a good family that had endured much in the Stuart cause, and she was not the only Jennings remarkable for vivacity and wit and beauty. Her eldest sister is immortalised by gossip Pepys for her "mad freak, dressed like an orange wench," and it was this same damsel who, as Lady Tyrconnel, made the celebrated retort to James II., when he complained of his troops running away at the Battle of the Boyne: "If they have, Sire, your Majesty seems to have won the race." Sarah was only eighteen when she married the brilliant young soldier, John Churchill, whose fortunes she was mainly instrumental in guiding to a success never before nor since attained by an English commander. The dreaded "Malbrook's" affection for his imperious duchess was only equalled by his supreme respect for her ability. His letters to her, written on many a hard won field, remind us often by their curious mixture of affection and humility of those which that dashing ex-guardsman, Sir Richard Steele, addressed to his dearest Prue. It may possibly have been an offence to Mrs. Morley, as it was certainly a chivalrous compliment to Mrs. Freeman, that a hasty letter to the latter begged of her "to present my humble duty to the Queen, and to let her know that her army has had a glorious victory." Such was the first announcement of the victory of Blenheim. There was reason enough why Sarah Jennings should have thus had the first share in the victory. Great as it was, it is certain that Marlborough's military genius would never have brought him its full reward but for the splendid loyalty and untiring vigilance of his wife. In the intriguing politics of that day it is Sarah Jennings, not Marlborough, who

"Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm."

We have ventured to divert part of Addison's famous "Angel simile" from the warrior to his wife, but we hasten to admit that Sarah Jennings fell considerably short of the popular conception of an angel. "I should be glad," once wrote the Duke, "we were always of one mind, which shall always be my endeavour, for I am never so happy as when you are kind." The Duchess was always loyal to her friends, but, like some of her descendants known to fame, she had a fine turn for invective. With poor, futile Queen Anne she would end a discussion with "Lord, Madam, it must be so"; the unfortunate Dr. Meade, who was attending the Duke for an abscess, she chased downstairs and threatened to pull off his wig. We confess that our sympathy does not go out to the equally poor-spirited Queen or physician. No doubt the Duchess stands convicted of having occasionally been guilty of verbal indiscretions similar to those which earned notoriety for our troops in Flanders—in short, as Mr. Micawber said, she swore. But we may safely transfer this foible to that general scapegoat, the spirit of the age—a very evil spirit, indeed, if biographers are to be believed. It is more pertinent for us to emphasise the fact that no man of genius ever had a more devoted or helpful wife than had the great Duke of Marlborough. As we retrace her history we glory in all her well won triumphs; we sorrow with her, a true woman at heart, mourning first for her only son and then for her heroic husband; we sympathise with the pleasures of her old age, even if for the most part they took the form of endless litigation. Only two other things need be remembered of the Duchess of Marlborough, but these are of importance. The one is that though she lived in an age when morality was at a discount, no enemy ever cast a stone at the fair fame of Sarah Jennings. The other is that her ability and her concern for the success of her "dear lord" enabled her to build up a princely fortune, which she invested in a princely way. In her last will and testament every friend and servant was generously remembered, and it behoves us to recall the fact that to Philip, Earl of Chesterfield, "out of the great regard I have for his merit," she left £20,000, and to William Pitt, Esq., £10,000, "upon account of his merit in the noble defence he made for the support of the laws of England, and to prevent the ruin of his country."

Photo H. N. King. **The Statue of Cardinal Newman at the Brompton Oratory.**

The Statue of Cardinal Newman, by Chavalliaud, in front of the west wing of the Oratory, was unveiled in 1896.

The story which Mrs. Colville retells is more interesting than most fiction. The historical value of the volume is slight, but it is none the less a delightful book, beautifully illustrated, capable of yielding much enjoyment to those who are familiar with the period of history surveyed, and a charming and instructive introduction to such as have the good fortune yet to acquaint themselves with it.

J. H. LOBIAN.

THE EVOLUTION OF THEOLOGY IN THE GREEK PHILOSOPHERS.*

The university of which Dr. Caird was for so many years one of the most distinguished and inspiring teachers,

* "The Evolution of Theology in the Greek Philosophers: The Gifford Lectures, delivered in the University of Glasgow in Sessions 1900-1 and 1901-2." By Edward Caird, LL.D., D.C.L., D.Litt., etc., etc. Two volumes. 14s. net. (James MacLehose and Sons.)

D. G. Rossetti, 1847.

From the Pencil Sketch drawn by himself at the age of nineteen, in the National Portrait Gallery.

"A young man of decidedly foreign aspect, about 5 feet 7½ in height, with long brown hair touching his shoulders, not taking care to walk erect, but rolling carelessly as he slouched along, pouting with parted lips, staring with dreaming eyes—the pupils not reaching the bottom lids—grey eyes, not looking directly at any point, but gazing listlessly about; the openings large and oval, the lower orbits dark-coloured."—Description by Holman Hunt.

expressed its gratitude, while increasing its debt to him, by appointing him to the Gifford Lectureship. Already the University of St. Andrews had conferred upon him the same honour. The course he then delivered, and which has since been published under the title, "The Evolution of Religion," was too much governed by Hegelian principles and method to satisfy everyone, although the reputation of the lecturer and the sheer force of thinking which the work displayed, have won for it a certain success. We cannot conceive that any reader, to whatever school of philosophy he belongs, or with whatever prejudices he approaches the present course of lectures, should find anything but delight and instruction in the perusal of the volumes now published. It was mainly by his treatment of the development of Greek philosophy that

Astarte Syriaca.

Study of a Head, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, in the South Kensington Museum, for his painting, "Astarte Syriaca."

"Mystery: lo! betwixt the sun and moon
Astarte of the Syrians; Venus Queen
Ere Aphrodite was."
—Sonnet, Astarte Syriaca.
Rischgitz Collection.

Dr. Caird effectually introduced his students to the claims of the subject he taught, and in no part of the wide field allotted to his Chair did he show himself more thoroughly a master. He is at home in treating of the precursors of Plato, of Plato himself, and of his successors, of Aristotle, the Stoics, Plotinus and the Neo-Platonists. The very dignity, certainty, and easy flow of the language give assurance of well-digested knowledge. It is a snare of writers on philosophy to cover meagreness of thought by grandiose expressions, as a cat sets up its back to impress the canine mind with its size. Simplicity and purity of diction are the notes of greatness in the present lectures.

Dr. Caird traces the history of the continually renewed attempt made by Greek philosophy to discover an absolute principle of unity in the universe deeper than any of the special forms of existence. He follows the stream of thought until it reaches an apparent *impasse* in the dualism of Plotinus. "In Neo-Platonism Greek philosophy was struggling with the ideas of the antagonism between the divine and the human, and at the same time of the necessity of their relation. The problem which Christianity had to solve, reached its most definite and decisive expression in the Neo-Platonic philosophy. And we must remember that he who puts such a problem distinctly before the human mind, has already done much to help towards its solution. On the other hand, Neo-Platonism itself was not able to reach such a solution. . . . Its last word was escape, not reconciliation, the deliverance of the soul from the bonds of finitude, and not the conversion of the finite itself into the organ and manifestation of the infinite." The solution offered by Christianity is exhibited with lucidity in a passage of that quiet but moving eloquence of which Dr. Caird is a master.

It must not be supposed that the lecturer rigidly restricts himself to the one line of development which culminates in Neo-Platonism. The idealism of Plato, and the practical ethics of the Stoics, and other collateral subjects, are fully discussed. A brief but thoroughly competent account of Philo forms one of the most interesting chapters in the book. Some points that emerge may seem to require more guarded statement. The Stoics are charged with regarding the interests of the social life as unessential. In a sense that is true; but it was the Stoics who first impressed the human mind with the solidarity of the race, and the very burden of Marcus Aurelius' admonition to the individual is that he must reckon himself not only a *meros*, but a *melos*, not a part only, but a member of the human organism. It may be noted in passing, that the sentence on p. 153 of Vol. II., which opens this part of the discussion, is impossible to construe. Again, it is only partially true that "as soon as the Messianic idea left Jewish soil, it had to find an equivalent or substitute among the conceptions of the classical nations, and no idea could seem so appropriate as that of the *Logos*, which had already been adopted by Philo." But, in point of fact, the Messianic idea was not superseded, but merely passed into the more universal Lordship which St. Paul proclaimed. No doubt the Logos idea gained currency also, but on other grounds than those stated.

Marcus Dods.

MR. CHESTERTON'S "NAPOLEON."*

To say that the "Napoleon of Notting Hill" is clever fooling does not half describe the book. It is amazingly clever fooling, but it is very much more than that. Some of it seems nothing, indeed, but the most unmitigated nonsense, and will exasperate you considerably, unless you are fortified from the beginning with a glimpse of Mr. Chesterton's underlying intention.

"When the curtain goes up on this story, eighty years after the present date, London is almost exactly like what it is now." But certain changes have come upon the people themselves. "Democracy was dead; for no one minded the governing class governing. England was now practically a despotism, but not an hereditary one." As it is explained by James Barker (one of three Government officials who play prominent parts in the story), "We are in a sense the purest democracy. We have become a despotism. Have you not noticed how continually in history democracy becomes despotism? People call it the decay of democracy. It is simply its fulfilment. Why take the trouble to number and register

* "The Napoleon of Notting Hill." By Gilbert K. Chesterton. 6s. (Lane.)

and enfranchise all the innumerable John Robinsons, when you can take one John Robinson with the same intellect or lack of intellect as all the rest, and have done with it? The old idealistic republics used to found democracy on the idea that all men were equally intelligent. Believe me, the sane and enduring democracy is founded on the fact that all men are equally idiotic. . . . We want one man at the head of our State, not because he is brilliant or virtuous, but because he is one man and not a chattering crowd. To avoid the possible chance of hereditary diseases or such things, we have abandoned hereditary monarchy. The King of England is chosen, like a juryman, upon an official rotation list. . . ."

Presently, this choice falls upon Auberon Quin, one of those three Government officials. He is a young man with a weird and elvish sense of humour, and delights in playing upon the lack of that quality in others. He finds a secret joy in solemnly making mock of conventional solemnities and respectabilities, and sees more wisdom in the most childish follies than in the useless gravities of the wise. He is perversely outraging the feelings of his two friends by standing in view of all Kensington Gardens, "putting his head between his legs and making a noise like a cow," when news comes to him that he has been elected King. On the throne he disports himself with the same idiotic extravagance. Early in his reign he has a preposterous but happy thought. "Perhaps," he said, "perhaps the noblest of all my conceptions. A revival of the arrogance of our old mediæval cities applied to our glorious suburbs. Clapham with a city guard. Wimbledon with a city wall. Surbiton tolling a bell to raise its citizens. West Hampstead going into battle with its own banner. It shall be done. I, the King, have said it." He is tickled with the idea, and carries it out. Each different suburb becomes an independent city, with its army and its Lord High Provost. He designs coats-of-arms and grotesque heraldic garments for them, and all the Provosts are dully or sharply annoyed at the absurdity of their positions, their robes and their retinues, with one exception. Wayne, the Provost of Notting Hill, to the King's unspeakable delight, takes the whole thing seriously. He develops a patriotic pride in Notting Hill, and in all the nonsensical accessories of his office. When the Provosts of North Kensington, South Kensington, and Bayswater want to run a new road through Notting Hill, Wayne refuses to sell the property required for this purpose, and when they attempt to coerce him he gets his forces together, and there is war. He defeats the allies and others that rise against him, and when peace is declared Notting Hill is recognised as the chief of the London cities. Then, after twenty years of this eminence, during which the surrounding cities are infected with Notting Hill's enthusiasm and take themselves seriously too, Notting Hill attempts an act of tyrannical injustice towards them, war breaks out again, but fighting reluctantly in a bad cause, as Wayne had foreseen, he is defeated, and most of his people slain.

Lying wounded and alone on the battlefield, Quin and Wayne talk to each other in the darkness. Says Quin, "Suppose I am God, and suppose I made the world in idleness. Suppose the stars that you think eternal, are only the idiot fireworks of an everlasting schoolboy. . . . Suppose the trees, in my eyes, are as foolish as enormous toadstools. Suppose Socrates and Charlemagne are to me only beasts made funnier by walking on their hind legs. Suppose I am God, and having made things, laugh at them." Wayne answers, "And suppose I am man. And suppose I give the answer that shatters even a laugh. Suppose I do not laugh back at you, do not blaspheme you, do not curse you. But suppose standing up straight under the sky, with every power of my being, I thank you for the fools' paradise you have made. Suppose I praise you with a literal pain of ecstasy, for the j st that has brought me so terrible a joy. If we have taken the child's games, and given them the seriousness of a crusade; if we have drenched your grotesque Dutch garden with the blood of martyrs, we have turned a nursery into a temple. I ask you, in the name of Heaven, who wins?"

From the Painting by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Mary Magdalene at the Door of Simon the Pharisee.

"The scene is laid amid the revelry of a village street at a time of festival. Mary, passing with a throng of gay companions, sees, through the window of a house, the face of Christ; and with a sudden impulse leaves the procession and tears the flowers passionately from her hair, seeking to enter where He sits; the while her lover, following, strives to dissuade her, and to lead her back to the mirthful company."—Esther Wood's "Gabriel Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelite Movement."

"Oh loose me! Seest thou not my Bridegroom's face
That draws me to Him?
. . . . . .
He needs me, calls me, loves me: let me go!"
—Mary Magdalene.

(Reproduced from H. C. Marillier's "Dante Gabriel Rossetti," by kind permission of the author and Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons.)

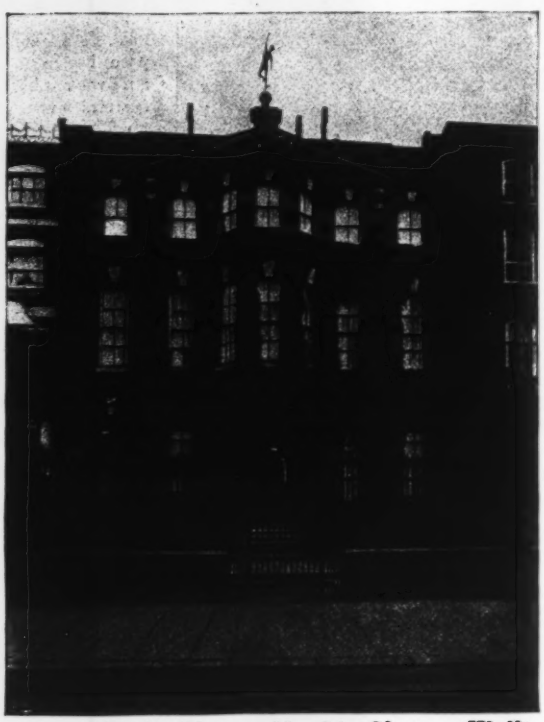
There is not room to quote more, but this is sufficient to hint how so much in this remarkable book that, on the surface, seems merely farcical and meaningless, has an inner meaning that makes its wildest laughter wise. That Quin is a caricature of Mr. Max Beerbohm, and Barker of Mr. Balfour, only adds a casual piquancy to the joke, if after reading the last chapter one can still call it that. The whole book is alive with fine suggestion, and all the foolery of

No. 38, Charlotte Street, Portland Place.

Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti, commonly known as Dante Gabriel Rossetti, was born on 12th May, 1828, at No. 38, Charlotte Street, Portland Place, London.

"Our house, No. 38, Charlotte Street, was a fairly neat but decidedly small one: it is smaller inside than it looks viewed from outside. I can remember a little about it, but not much. Towards 1836 the family had outgrown it, and removed to No. 50 in the same street—a larger, but still far indeed from being a spacious dwelling."—"Memoir," by W. M. Rossetti.

Rischgitz Collection.



Tudor House, No. 16, Cheyne Walk.

In which Rossetti settled on October 24th, 1862, after the death of his wife, and where he was joined for a time by Mr. W. M. Rossetti, Mr. Meredith, and Mr. Swinburne.

"Rossetti's house had to me the appearance of a plain Queen Anne erection, much mutilated by the introduction of unsightly bay-windows; the brickwork seemed to be falling into decay; the paint to be in serious need of renewal; the windows to be dull with the accumulation of the dust of years; the sills to bear the suspicion of cobwebs; the angles of the steps and the untrodden flags of the courtyard to be here and there overgrown with moss and weeds; and round the walls and up the reveals of doors and windows were creeping the tangled branches of the wildest ivy that ever grew untouched by shears."—T. Hall Caine's "Recollections of D. G. Rossetti."

Rischgitz Collection.

it is touched at the close with a beautiful and pathetic significance. As irresponsibly ludricrous as a modern burlesque, as quaintly serious, at last, as a mediæval morality, "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" is a unique and altogether brilliant achievement. A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

BLAKE'S MYSTICISM.*

"Los saw the envious blight above his Seventh Furnace,
On London's Tower on the Thames: he drew Cambel in wrath
Into his thundering bellows, heaving it for a loud blast:
And with the blast of his Furnace upon fishy Billingsgate,
Beneath Albion's fatal Tree, before the gate of Los,
Shew'd her the fibres of her beloved to ameliorate
The envy: loud she laboured in the Furnace of fire,
To form the mighty form of Hand according to her will.
In the Furnaces of Los and in the Wine-press treading day and night,
Naked among the human clusters: bringing wine of anguish
To feed the afflicted in the Furnaces: she minded not
The raging flames, tho' she return'd . . . ."—Page 101.

The extract above quoted, which may be regarded as a fair sample of Blake's symbolistic poetry in his Prophetic Book "Jerusalem," will doubtless appear to the average intelligent reader as the unintelligible ravings of a more or less disordered mind. To Messrs. E. R. D. Maclagan and A. G. B. Russell, the Editors of this carefully compiled Edition, the passage probably presents little difficulty, and if the reader studies attentively their Introduction he will discover that Los is the "vehicle of inspiration, the spirit of Prophecy, and in a certain sense, the prophet, Blake, himself." Hand is the "typical son of Albion, the typical ideas and sensations of Man in his fallen state"; Albion is "the Fourfold Man, and his state depends on the union and agreement of the four elements that are met in him," etc., etc. Everything, in short, has a meaning. And to elucidate "fishy Billingsgate" we turn to the Introduction and find that the Editors say:—

—"in 'Jerusalem,' he makes great use of the quarters of London, Albion's city, as symbols of the 'regions of humanity' in the mind of man. It is well to remember that the position of any of the places named must be calculated with reference to the London of 1800. . . . Strange as the use of such familiar and commonplace names may seem in a poem of profound spiritual significance, it is easy for us to forget that Edom and Ammon and Gilead held for the contemporaries of Jeremiah small mystery of association, but were essentially neighbouring districts used emblematically in religious poetry: and it was Blake's deliberate wish to parallel these places with his own geographical symbols in England, as may be observed from the way in which the two are often coupled together."—Page XIII.

We may take it therefore that there is so much method in Blake's "madness," that until the average reader has spent as much time over elucidating Blake's meaning in his Prophetical Books as have Messrs. Yeats, Ellis, Maclagan and Russell, he will not be justified in pronouncing offhand on the depths of the ideas they shadow, or on the precise value of "Jerusalem" as a mystical interpretation of the spiritual forces in the Universe. Only the hunter can speak of the fascination of the chase, and only to the student of mysticism tracking Blake's elaborately chaotic system from point to point, from Fourfold Man to the Spectre (the reasoning power), from the Emanation (the emotional and imaginative life) to the Shadow ("which seems to be desire"), from the four Zoas, the Intellect, the Emotional life, the life of the Senses, the Inspiration, to their children, Rintrah, Palamabron, Theotormon, and Bromion, etc., only the critical student of mysticism, we repeat, can tell us whether the quarry pursued and captured is really worth considering in the strange pleasure of the chase. To the critic who cares much for poetry and little for mysticism it is evident that Blake's finest poetry was intimately allied with his innate mysticism, and that his innate mysticism overpowered and rendered null and void much of his finest poetical frenzy, and therefore it is from the mundane point of view which appraises final results and sets them above interesting intentions, that we venture to offer a few remarks which the accomplished editors of "Jerusalem" no doubt hold hardly come within their province to consider.

If we ask why it is that while poetry, music, and art appeal not only to poets, musicians, and artists, but to the whole world, mysticism has never been of any value except to the small band of mystics themselves, the answer appears to be that mysticism is too rigid, too narrow, too arbitrary in its appeal

* "The Prophetic Books of William Blake. Jerusalem." Edited by E. R. D Maclagan and A. G. B. Russell. 6s. (A. H. Bullen.)

to the imagination ever to serve as an adequate interpretation of nature or life, and that its whole mode of construction is fatal to the development of much spiritual beauty. Blake, for example, who is more essentially a poet than any of his fellow mystics, starts by the dogmatic assumption, in "Jerusalem," that Man is Fourfold Man, and "his state depends on the union and agreement of the four elements that are met in him." Round him are ranged an infinite host of spiritual powers headed by the four Zoas, the living creatures in the vision of Ezekiel and of Saint John, and these Zoas are liable to division in the parting of "spectre" and "emanation," each Zoa having an Emanation or female part assigned to him. The Zoas are "eternal States," the cardinal points, the regions of the sky, and all the chain of corresponding Symbols are "Spaces," and State and Space form once more a parallel to

Now a system of symbolic mysticism cannot spring out of nothing, it must have its origin in the human experiences of its maker as well as in his dreams, visions, and in the national life before his eyes, and in the social and political ideas of his age which he accepts or rejects. In comparing Blake's "Prophetic" Books with say his "Songs of Innocence," and the "Marriage of Heaven and Hell," we are struck by the fact that by all the symbolic staging and carpentering, by all the ingenious elaboration of his poetical ideas into a metaphysical system, he is merely losing beauty and getting further away from any living truth. What do we get in the end from this mystical machinery of Fourfold Man, the Zoas, the female Emanations, etc., etc.? Nothing worth having. Whenever we find a passage of real beauty, as in the story of Joseph and Mary of Nazareth

From the Painting by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.
Photo, Autotype Co.

Love's Greeting.

"Rossetti thought out a very beautiful and charming design of two lovers kissing in a rose garden, which he proposed to etch on copper . . . the central idea of this design reappears in various forms. It will be found, for instance, in *Love's Greeting*, a little panel containing, in addition to the lovers, a crowned figure of Amor bearing a harp in his hand."

(Reproduced from H. C. Marillier's "Dante Gabriel Rossetti," by kind permission of the author and Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons.)

Male and Female. The Zoas have children, and the four who appear in "Jerusalem," the sons of Los, correspond in a lower sphere to the Zoas in their regular order. The fourfold system is also connected with Blake's teaching of the four "atmospheres." In the microcosm of man the four parts are often reduced to three: Head, Heart, and Loins, etc., etc. The main idea of "Jerusalem" is simplicity itself compared to this fearful network of arbitrary conceptions: viz.—when the reasoning power of Man "the Spectre," and the emotional and imaginative life "the Emanation," are in peace and unison, Man is in the state of salvation; when they are in discordance, Man is in a fallen state, and from the warring dissonance within him all the evils of life spring.

(p. 61), or in the description of the Sons of Urizen (p. 65), we find that Blake is inspired by human feeling almost pure and simple. In the first passage Blake is interpreting the Biblical narrative, in the second he is declaiming against the rise of the factory system, which at the time (1800) was fast gripping hold of the national life.

"And in their stead, intricate wheels invented, wheel without wheel:
To perplex youth in their outgoings, and to bind to labours in Albion
Of day and night the myriads of eternity that they may grind
And polish brass and iron hour after hour, laborious task:
Kept ignorant of its use, that they might spend the days of wisdom
In sorrowful drudgery, to obtain a scanty pittance of bread:
In ignorance to view a small portion and think that All,
And call it Demonstration: blind to all the simple rules of life."

The whole system of Blake's symbolic mysticism is, to put it bluntly, too obviously jerry-built to produce any illusion of beauty, or to establish any permanent truth worth having. Over and over again the same contest between the principle of Reason and the principle of Imagination is reiterated with a wearisome mass of confusing symbolical details. The form is chaotic, the language redundant, the ideas sparse, the emotion confused, and the thought in general sterile—putting aside, that is, a handful of fine passages, and some outbursts of real poetic frenzy. Some pages, such as pages 65-67, for their furious rhythmical rush and torrential emotion, are artistic creations of their kind. But putting such passages aside, and waiving for the moment "Jerusalem's" value to the critic as being a genuine example of a mystic's poetical frenzy, what remains? Nothing but the system of symbolical mysticism—Fourfold Man and the Zoas and the like. We return therefore to our statement that Blake's mysticism is of value only to the born mystic, and that there is no hope for the nine hundred and ninety-nine readers out of a thousand who are born outside the symbolistic pale.

EDWARD GARNETT.

From the Painting by Dante Gabriel Rossetti in the Tate Gallery. **Beata Beatrix.**

"The picture illustrates the 'Vita Nuova,' embodying symbolically the death of Beatrice as treated in that work. The picture is not intended at all to represent death, but to render it under the semblance of a trance, in which Beatrice, seated at a balcony overlooking the city, is suddenly rapt from earth to heaven.

"You will remember how Dante dwells on the desolation of the city in connection with the incident of her death, and for this reason I have introduced it as my background, and made the figures of Dante and Love passing through the street and gazing ominously on one another, conscious of the event; while the bird, a messenger of death, drops the poppy between the hands of Beatrice."—Letter from Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Rischgitz Collection.

MRS. CRAIGIE'S NEW NOVEL.*

"The Vineyard" sparkles, perhaps, with fewer epigrams than Mrs. Craigie has been wont to scatter up and down her pages, but what it may lack in this particular it more than makes up for by other and less superficial qualities. Gerald Federan is a self-confident, handsome man who has, "oddly enough, far more of what is called the artist's temperament than artists themselves, as a rule, have." He is the son of a solicitor in a provincial town, and in partnership with his father, but he is edged with romance from the fact that he has distinguished himself in South Africa during the Boer War. An egoist, strongly veined with sentiment, he has been in love many times, but meeting with Jennie Sussex he is convinced that he is genuinely in love, at last, for the first time. He is a strange blend of simplicity and cunning, of honesty and duplicity, and like most hypocrites he is generally unconscious of his hypocrisy. "The eternal Pecksniff in man!" he exclaims, in a moment of insight; "and especially in me." Resolved to marry Jennie, winning her consent with a passion that finally convinces her both of his love and of her own, he is eager to make money quick and settle down, and this eagerness betrays him easily into the hands of a sinister rascal who uses him as a tool in a great fraud, and clears off with fifteen thousand pounds, leaving his dupe to face all responsibilities.

A lady client of his, who on his advice had been involved in this fraud, is a beautiful, neurotic woman of considerable wealth, who has conceived a reckless passion for him, and hearing of his trouble she insists on lending him the fifteen thousand pounds, so that he may save his reputation and escape the danger of criminal prosecution. He is grateful for her help, and flattered by her love; she has money, and is ready to give him herself and all that is hers, and it is not in his nature to refuse to make love where it is expected of him. "He now felt convinced that although Jennie and he had seemed designed for each other's admiration, enjoyment, and passionate love, they were inimical in spirit; neither of them had any bent for the bearing of the other's burdens, or any mercy for the other's shortcomings. The man Jennie had imagined him to be needed no compassion, and the woman he had seen in her had nothing homely, except the virtue of obedience. It had been all a mistake; its memory—it had not yet become a memory only—would be a physical ache, and its result, a perpetual regret that what had promised so much had failed so utterly, ended so soon." His artistic temperament enables him to persuade himself of the truth of whatever he wishes to believe; and though he relapses presently, at sight of Jennie, and breaks anew into the old protestations, he is not sorry that she will not be influenced by them.

The study of this man's character is a subtle and masterly

* "The Vineyard." By John Oliver Hobbes. 6s. (Unwin.)

performance. Scarcely less so is the study of Jennie's. Her conduct while she is still suffering under the consciousness of Federan's infidelity—her angry rejection of her older lover, Harlowe, and her acceptance, almost immediately after, of the quietly earnest young Helmyng, is, in the light of all that has gone before, perfectly natural and convincing; but the promptness with which, and the person with whom Harlowe consoles himself are not so plausible. The book has some few brilliant epigrams, and is written with a knowledge of human motives, an acute analytical power, and a quiet strength and graphic terseness of style that give it place among the one or two exceptional novels that the year, so far, has given us.

THE AMERICAN INVASION.*

A novel, or a parable? Written to amuse the Princess Democratia, while hinting a little proper diffidence in that bright young person? or to instruct, frighten, and overpower the effete European, who sees crowding across the Atlantic a new horde of millionaires bent on conquest? Let readers decide. For my part I am struck, but not wholly persuaded; much entertained, yet in some degree on my guard. Of course Mrs. Atherton gives us a brilliant story. It impresses me not unlike certain vivid pictures I remember in the Paris *Salon*—intense, almost truculent colour, strong lights, but no point of repose. And while for hours enjoyable, I think whether by-and-by it will allure me to it again. How truly modern is the question, and the doubt? Yes, the fashion of this world—its money-bags, confections of millinery, hard, fierce love-making, intrigues, politics, dances—the Chardash and the waltz—passeth away. But what *is* the story?

New America, with its almighty king of dollars; old Austria, with its proverb, "Tu felix, nube"; the picturesque, frivolous, heroic, sabre-clinking, irresistible Hungarian; romantic, yet latter-day, Buda-Pest; and the melancholy Hofburg, where German Cæsars lie asleep round the self-slain Rudolf whom we knew and once loved; fancy what a vision rises up from the cauldron into which these ingredients have been thrown! Power is one side, fascination on the other. Which will come off best, the Yankee fresh from his Wall Street and his laboratory—or the Hapsburg, so apparently futile, so utterly done, yet master of a magic that we call the Past? In Austria mediæval beauty, grace, and religion take us with a longing for that ineffable which no currency can buy. As for the Hungarian world, with its thousand years of grand endeavour, its men and women beautiful to behold, its language musical as the finest war-melodies, who would leave it to settle at Poughkeepsie? Here is the knot of Mrs. Atherton's problem.

She has brought together—so much one may say without telling the tale outright, a meanness to be abhorred of reviewers—together, I say, Fessenden Abbott, the American money-god, and the Archduchess Ranata, sister of unhappy Rudolf, whereupon ensues a sentimental situation rich in consequences. For the great lady is, in spirit, one with her dead brother, as the lord of trusts is America personified. Hitherto, the custom was that maidens from the States should marry English peers and Italian princes; and, says Mrs. Atherton, there is yet to be an American Queen, which I can well believe. But now reverse the quantities in this equation. Will a daughter of Europe wed a son of Jonathan? There was in one of the Magazines, not long ago, an enlightened account—was it by an Englishwoman?—of the reasons which lead *les Américaines* to become duchesses; the writer explained that, when you have met a young man of Illinois, you speedily know all about him and he ceases to inspire curiosity, but that the Briton is unfathomable. I leave the responsibility of this, as we say in French, with whoever put it forward. But, while the first chapters of our book, passed in the woods of the Adirondacks, have a touch not quite unworthy to be named with Hawthorne—and he would have painted the curse of infinite riches powerfully, in a Rembrandt atmosphere—once Fessenden has bowed to the golden yoke, he seems merely to be that young man of Illinois in whom we take so slight an interest. I pronounce the sentence with regret, for my own young American friends are delightful—but, I must allow, they have made the European tour. So it is, however. The German Kaiser Wilhelm, handled admiringly, who falls into a friendship with Abbott, rouses our feelings both for and against him; the terrible millionaire leaves us, not cold but thoughtful and anxious, while we study him as a living machine, crammed with unknown potencies.

It seems idle to tell us that he fought like a wildcat in Venezuela. What business had he to be fighting there? His dollars were omnipotent; his blood was not wanted. In short, Fessenden, armoured up to the ears with greenbacks and unconquerable, could only play at the war game; Fate, in its ironical way, had resolved that outside his counting-house the handsome fellow should be nothing but a dilettante, and if he married ten Archduchesses by consecutive divorce, as his State-laws permit, to Europe it would make not an ounce of difference. When, therefore, he brings his new death-dealing weapons, for all the world like one of those hideous "Martians" that Mr. Wells has inflicted on us, simply to compel this unnatural union, we are put in mind of an old prayer, "Ye gods, annihilate both

* "Rulers of Kings." By Gertrude Atherton. 6s. (Macmillan.)

Miss Siddal (Mrs. D. G. Rossetti). About 1854.

From a Drawing by Rossetti in the South Kensington Museum.

"She was a most beautiful creature, with an air between dignity and sweetness, mixed with something which exceeded modest self-respect, and partook of disdainful reserve; tall, finely formed, with a lofty neck, and regular yet somewhat uncommon features, greenish-blue unsparkling eyes, large perfect eyelids, brilliant complexion, and a lavish heavy wealth of coppery-golden hair."—"Memoir" by W. M. Rossetti.

Rischgitz Collection.

From the Painting by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. **Monna Rosa.**

"A study in beautiful colour, representing a lady clad in a dress of pale emerald, with golden fruit worked upon it, plucking a rose from a tree planted in a blue jar. Gold and red are the keynotes of the picture, and are perpetuated in various degrees in the twenty or more roses on the tree, the gold on her dress, the gold ornaments she wears, her gold auburn hair, a red pot in the flower-stand, and a large peacock screen in the background, also of red purple."

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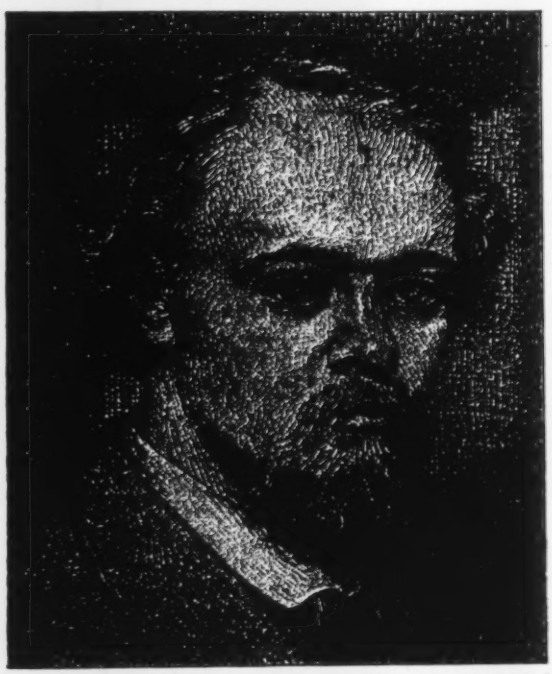

From a small Pen and Ink Portrait by himself. **Dante Gabriel Rossetti, 1870.**

"It is certainly a fair likeness, and may be called a good one; though I think that my brother has been not quite just to his nose in giving it something of the appearance of a bumpy or protuberant tip—a disadvantage which it assuredly did not possess. The expression, though concentrated, is quiet, as of a nature rather solid and acute than fervent and high-strung. In this respect also I think it falls a little short; it tells a minor truth, and does not fully emphasise the major one."—W. M. Rossetti in the *Magazine of Art.*

(Reproduced from the *Magazine of Art*, by kind permission of Mr. M. H. Spielmann, the owner of the original portrait.)

space and time, and make two lovers happy!" They would not be happy, either at Newport or at Sioux Falls. But, all that said and done, "Rulers of Kings" is great in dash, execution, movement, colour, and style. Everyone who cannot travel in beautiful Austria should make the tour of its pages.

WILLIAM BARRY.

BYRON'S POETICAL WORKS. VOL. VII.*

The concluding volume of Mr. Ernest Coleridge's edition of Byron's poetry is a worthy termination to a great work, but contains little of which criticism can take account, being occupied by fugitive verse, bibliographies, and index. By far the most important of the poems has been public property since Byron's death, the immortal verses on his birthday. One other poem, recently published in the *Monthly Magazine*, and not very appropriately entitled "Love and Death," comes next, though *longo intervallo*. It is satisfactory to learn that these impassioned lines are probably the last that Byron ever wrote. Of the hitherto unpublished stanzas of "The Devil's Drive," and other pieces of the same quality, it may be said that what amused Byron to write may well amuse us to read, but that neither intention nor execution goes higher.

The Bibliography must have been a most laborious work. It embraces foreign translations, a highly interesting department, as evincing the dissemination of Byron's works on the Continent, and a celebrity far transcending that of any other modern English poet. Mr. Coleridge has some excellent remarks on this phenomenon, which may be summed up as expressing the fact that Byron gives Continental readers more than his rivals of what they require, action, and less of what they do not require, thought. He might have added that the frequent threadbareness of Byron's diction, and his deficiency in melody in comparison with such masters as Coleridge, Shelley, and Tennyson, do not impress a foreigner as they do an Englishman. When all is said he remains, after Shakespeare, our representative among foreign nations by the indefeasible title of their *plébiscites*. We can choose our political, but not our literary envoys. One nation, judging by this bibliography alone, would seem to have escaped his influence, Portugal. But it is impossible that there should not be Portuguese versions which have evaded search. There must also be American editions which do not appear in the bibliography.

We congratulate Mr. Coleridge on the successful termination of his labours, and hope that he will next do for his great ancestor, both as respects his poetry and his prose, what he has done for the man who helped him to the boards of Drury Lane.

THE ANNALS OF TACITUS.†

There seems to be a growing public for such books as the present, which offer the substance of an ancient author with such elucidations as are necessary for the non-expert. It is even maintained, by advocates of those so-called practical studies in which salvation is commonly assumed to lie, and by others who should know better, that the translation is as good as the original. To those who know, the statement is as ridiculous as if we were to take our summer holiday in Switzerland by means of the stereoscope. However, a translation is better than nothing, and for those who cannot use the original it may be the source of both profit and pleasure; always provided that the translation be good. Professor Ramsay's translation is good. He has an appreciation of good style, as his preface shows, and a style of his own in the translation, a spice of humour and plenty of life. There are a number of notes explaining all points such as would be likely to puzzle the uninformed reader; not the scholar's critical and grammatical disquisitions, but light on antiquities and history, an attempt to reproduce the facts which were familiar to the writer and assumed by him as familiar to his readers. These notes are written clearly,

* "The Works of Lord Byron." A new, revised, and enlarged edition, with illustrations. Poetry. Vol. VII. Edited by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. 6s (John Murray.)

† "The Annals of Tacitus, I.—VI." An English Translation, with Introduction, Notes, Plate, and Maps. By G. G. Ramsay, M.A., Litt.D., LL.D., Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow. 15s. net. (John Murray.)

briefly, and with discrimination. Perhaps it would have been worth while, considering Professor Ramsay's audience, that he should have added modern instances, gathered from the commentators on Tacitus, or from his own wide acquaintance with literature. A very pertinent addition to the note on Fate making a mock of mankind (p. 203), would have been Heine's bitter description of the archangel in his box looking on at life's tragic farce. A good example of Professor Ramsay's annotations is that on the "Lex Papia Poppaea," iii. 25. 1. The ordinary classical student will find this book most useful, we believe, especially if his interests lie chiefly in the history. We note that Professor Ramsay has an open mind; he does not accept Tacitus's dark picture of Tiberius, but points out, *e.g.*, with what strict impartiality he summed up in the matter of Piso (iii. 12). The reader of literary books will find much matter for digestion in the preface, where Professor Ramsay discusses the points of his numerous predecessors. He is hardly just to the earlier English translators, whose virtues, if not Tacitean, were very real, but he surveys the field in a new spirit, and a welcome one. His own version—to come to the main point at last—might be more pithy, but it is clear, accurate, and idiomatic, a great improvement on the bald and lifeless versions which have become fashionable in the last generation. This will probably take its place along with Jowett's Plato as a standard translation for English readers.

Novel Notes.

THE AWAKENING OF MRS. CARSTAIRS. By Olivia Roy. 6s. (Morton.)

"I cannot help sometimes comparing the past with the present. I left my home a cold, passionless girl, liking my husband as a friend, but not as a lover—not certainly as a husband. And now, now I am palpitating with love—possessed almost—and, God help me, for a man who is not my husband." That, in brief, is the story that Alys Carstairs unfolds in her diary. She strives against this lawless, consuming passion, with no understanding of the material and psychological mysteries that are the root and cause of it; she traces it through its varying phases, picturing her daily life, the while, with frankness and with an amazing air of reality. Her husband, her family, her friends, her whole circle move through these pages vividly alive. How she came near abandoning everything and running away with the man who had inspired that unconquerable passion in her, and the unlooked for event that stopped her—an event in which one glimpses the true and innocent secret of her strange awakening—these are things that, to be understood, must be read of in the book itself. It is a brilliant and strikingly original story, whose theme required in parts the utmost delicacy of handling; and it is always handled with the utmost delicacy.

THE CELEBRITY AT HOME. By Violet Hunt. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

This very frank history of the Celebrity is written not by his valet, but by his youngest daughter, Miss Tempe Vero-Taylor, whose Christian name the cook had excellent reason for supposing to be an abbreviation of "temper." With the exception of his son, Benvenuto Cellini, whom he kept from school to blacken his boots and fold his clothes, the Celebrity did not keep a man-servant, but in point of candour of statement, knowledge of the world, command of unconventional idiom, and an amount of impudence that almost compels respect, it is certain that no ordinary valet could compare for a moment with Mr. Vero-Taylor's youngest daughter. It may be freely admitted that George—his children called him so by special request—had few claims to be considered a hero in the home which he occasionally deigned to darken for a week-end. George was a successful playwright, but his chief business in life, apart from neglecting his wife, was to play the parasite on smart Society, passing from the country house of Lady Booby to that of Lord Tom Noddy. The society depicted in the novel is pitiful enough, and the author has done wisely in treating it with nothing more severe than very good-natured contempt. The book is full of fun, and the gentle satire scores its points very effectively. It is open to question, however, whether the farce is not too prolonged. Miss Tempe up to a certain point is very diverting, but some time before the three-hundredth page of her memoirs we found ourselves filled with an unholy longing for the right to inflict corporal chastisement.

THE TUTOR'S LOVE STORY. By Walter Frith. 6s. (Constable.)

The tutor has always been a favourite in fiction, his position in the family giving him many opportunities for the exercise of sentiment. Generally speaking the tutor of fiction resembles either Dominie Sampson or Mr. Louis Moore, according as he is to be the fool or the bridegroom of the play. That Roland Burnside's tutor did not fill the latter part was due to no fault of his own, but to a concatenation of circumstances, which Mr. Frith explains in his simple but very readable story. The book is in the form of the tutor's diary—admittedly a very difficult fashion of narrative, and Mr. Frith has not been entirely successful in avoiding what is tedious and irrelevant. The tutor is as

From the Painting by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, 1864.
Photo, J. Caswall Smith, 309, Oxford Street, W.

The Loving Cup.

"A fair healthy girlish lady, holding in her right hand the golden *Loving Cup*, and in her left its cover; while behind, against a background of diaper, is a row of bronze plates, beneath which some sprays of green tree ivy trail crosswise along the wall of the corridor or court in which she stands. Fixed behind her head, with its lovely soft brown hair, and twisted below her neck, falling thence down her right shoulder, is a delicate green veil; round the white throat is a coral necklace of large square beads, with strings of silvery seed-pearls lower down over her dress; and from long sleeves of white lawn the fair arms and hands emerge, contrasting with the subdued gold of the carven cup."—William Sharp's "Dante Gabriel Rossetti."

(Reproduced from H. C. Marillier's "Dante Gabriel Rossetti," by kind permission of the author and Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons.)

sentimental as any girls' school could wish, and all the characters in the book are commendable with the exception of Mr. John Ball. A man who speaks of "me shuparior janius," is no Irishman, but only an ordinary bore.

THE LION OF GERSAU. By "Sirrah." 6s. (Heinemann).

It is surprising with how simple materials a writer of real power can construct a work of indisputable charm. The plot of this novel could literally be written on a pictorial post card, but the result is what a year of mere industry could not produce. The story recounts the summer's doings of a chance group of tourists who meet round the Bachelor's Table of a Swiss hotel. The Lion of Gersau, otherwise Colonel Withers, is the president of the table, and it is no exaggeration to say that he is the most delightful old fire-eater in recent fiction. There is no word but intrepidity for the gallant frontal attacks he makes on the language of haughty Gaul; even the waiter dare not smile when the Colonel makes the dishes rattle on the table and calls for *le tête garçon*. When one of the alleged bachelors slily introduces to the table Miss Daisy Coffin as his daughter we know that the caste of the comedy is complete. How Miss Daisy chaffs the "Kairnel" and finally marries his son are the main things in the plot, but the entire characterisation of the story deserves unqualified praise. The daily battle between the Lion and Mr. Chrimes over the respective merits of gruyère and emmenthal is told with delightful humour. To find wit, humour, a pleasant love-story, and excellent literary work all in one small volume is a rare treat. They can all be found in "The Lion of Gersau."

URIAH THE HITTITE. By Dolf Wyllarde. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The British Government had newly taken over Key Island, off the coast of Madagascar, and its next step was to send out as Administrator Evelyn Gregory, a strong man with much experience in "quelling rebellions without much ceremony and a good deal of unofficial slaughter. The Government always sends him out when there's trouble to squash, and then censures him for doing it." With him as A.D.C. went Captain Alaric Lewin, a moral and mental weakling, whose only hope of professional advancement rested with his clever and charming wife. Mrs. Lewin's little efforts in diplomacy bore startling results. Gregory was a man who sacrificed everything—even his career—to the successful accomplishment of anything he had taken in hand, and when he conceived a passion for the wife of his incompetent A.D.C. the fate of Uriah was sealed. A rising in East Africa provided an occasion which Gregory unhesitatingly took; Uriah was sent to the front, and shot himself to avoid the results of his incapacity on the field. Gregory's administration suffered in reputation, but the strong man cared nothing, for when he was sent to East Africa Uriah's widow went with him as his wife. The story is not a very pleasant one, but it is told with great tact and delicacy. "Uriah the Hittite" is in every way a strong book, and every character in it is made to live.

YARBOROUGH THE PREMIER. By A. R. Weekes. 6s. (Harpers.)

This novel is the first fruit of the Magpie Club, "a small circle of writers who have the highest literary ideals, and are associated to mutually criticise and aid each other in their work." The manifesto that accompanies the novel is in the nature of a solemn warning to reviewers to think twice before proceeding "to mutually criticise." To say that the story is exciting is almost an understatement, but Mr. Weekes has not attained this desirable result without a considerable number of concessions to melodrama. Yarborough gains his first step on the ladder by stealing from his brother's safe the draft of an important treaty, thereby driving his brother from the country. His political rival, Savile, was his successful rival for the love of Margaret Carew, whose life Yarborough had saved. When the premiership fell to him he formed a coalition government with Savile, despite the fact that the night before he made this proposal Savile had emptied two revolvers at him for his gross perjury to Margaret. Yarborough's brilliant career proves to himself but the vanity of vanities. His son is killed in his arms by a furious mob in Parliament Square, and a few hours later, in the middle of a striking peroration, Yarborough is carried in a dying condition out of the House of Commons. By far the best work in the book are the few chapters at the end describing the relations of father and son. These are delightful, and will fully reward the reader who gets so far.

From the Painting by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Paolo and Francesca da Rimini.

"One day
For our delight we read of Launcelot,
How him love thralled. Alone we were, and no
Suspicion near us. Oft times by that reading
Our eyes were drawn together, and the hue
Fled from our altered cheek. But at one point
Alone we fell. When of that smile we read,
The wicked smile so rapturously kiss'd
By one so deep in love, then he, who ne'er
From me shall separate, at once my lips
All trembling kiss'd."
—Dante's Inferno, Canto V., Cary's translation.

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A GOD OF CLAY. By Bertrand Waugh. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

This is a story having the huge chimney-stacks of great factories and the shafts and giant wheels of collieries for a background, and the "dull, vibrating roar" of spinning mills, and the clank and rumble of machinery for an undertone. John Keldrick, at the age of twenty-nine, has inherited his father's business, and is a prosperous mine owner; but he has drifted into a hapless, secret passion for Jessie Ince, a girl who is employed in the carding-room of the adjacent mills. He is half disposed to marry her, at last, but she sees the impracticability of this, and goes away of her own accord, rather than let her shame and his become the talk of the district. But she is already suspected, and suspicion falls also on Frank Dowling, who was seen with her and overheard talking with her and offering her money the night before she disappears, he having undertaken that unpleasant task out of pity for her and a strong regard for Keldrick. Frank, being on

From the Painting by Dante Gabriel Rossetti in the Tate Gallery. **Rosa Triplex.**

"*Rosa Triplex* is no bodily presentment of a spiritual idea, but neither more nor less than a study in three different views of the face and bust of Alice Wilding, who was one of the most charming models the master ever employed; she it was whom he immortalised variously as *Sibylla Palmifera, Veronica Veronese, The Roman Widow* (otherwise *Dis Manibus*), and *La Ghirlandata*, as well as *The Sea Spell*, and one or two more pictures and drawings which are hardly less lovely and luxurious than these. . . . There appear to be not fewer than four, if not five, versions of the design of *Rosa Triplex*. . . . In all these cases the artist worked, so to say, simply as a devotee of Beauty in one manifestation of that divine element, but with no distinct intention to develop the spiritual essence of his ideal by imparting to the luxurious and refined physical aspect of the person in question those mystical impressions which pervade *Sibylla Palmifera*, the romantic inspiration of *Veronica Veronese*, the spirituality which, to the heart of it, is Italian of the sixteenth century, or *La Ghirlandata's* dreamy amorousness."—F. G. Stephens in "The Portfolio."

Rischgitz Collection.

the eve of departure to Canada, is indifferent to the scandal, and argues Keldrick into keeping silence and allowing him to go away under this shadow. Thereafter, Keldrick marries, enters Parliament, is honoured and respected, but not happy. The truth begins to leak out; Jessie is discovered abroad by a girl who loves Frank and believes him innocent; Keldrick is haunted by remorse and fretted with self-contempt, and writes presently begging Frank to come home, for he is resolved to take his burden upon his own shoulders. The book is slightly marred by the too obvious artifice with which some of its events are brought about; Jessie's brilliant success as a singer does not quite convince, nor does the manner in which her child is taken down to her native town and stays as a visitor in Keldrick's house, he being ignorant of its identity; but on the whole it is a conscientious and extremely capable piece of work.

THE MAN IN THE WOOD. By Mary Stuart Boyd. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

The man in the wood turns out to be an escaped convict, a young, well-educated man who has successfully eluded his pursuers, has travelled many miles, furtively, in the nights, and is hiding, exhausted and hungry, when Veka comes upon him by accident, and stands before him "a gawky girl of fifteen, clad in a shabby blue-serge frock that, bad in original cut, was now too short for her lank limbs, too tight across the chest of her developing bust." She is niece of the rector, and lives with him and her aunt and two girl cousins in the village near by—a passionate, impulsive little person whose character is developed with considerable ability. She believes in the fugitive's story of himself, and sympathetically supplies him with food and clothing, robbing a baker's cart and looting from her uncle's wardrobe for the purpose. Moreover, she has a private hoard left with her by an old friend of her dead father's for a specific purpose, and she not only lends him this to help him to escape out of the country, but contrives to travel with him to Plymouth and see him off, her company contributing to divert suspicion from him. His plan is to join a friend in Ceylon; but when he gets there he learns that his friend is dead. Veka lives on at the rectory, sure that some day he will return, as he said he would, but when he does come, after a lapse of six years, she is absent from home, and he mistakes her cousin Victoria for her. It is a pretty romance, and if the ideally happy ending is a little too thoroughly well stage managed—Mrs. Boyd writes with a pleasant charm of manner and a brightness of outlook that more than atone for this.

THE BINDWEED. By Nellie K. Blissett. 6s. (Constable.)

The military revolt in Servia and the brutal assassination of the ill-fated King and Queen make so thrilling and tragic a history that one is not surprised to find Miss Blissett using them under thin disguises as the groundwork of her latest novel. The romance of Liane Markovitch, "the little insignificant milliner of the 'Paradis des Dames,'" begins quietly enough when Fritz, an honest foreman baker, falls fervently in love with her, and she rejects him pityingly because she has no love for him. But, presently, her father is shot down in a riot, and her eldest brother is killed in trying to avenge him; then, being alone in the world with her small younger brother, she consents to marry Fritz, who is satisfied that in time she will learn to care for him. Later, she meets again with Vladimir, an elegant, handsome military attaché, whom she had once met before; he boldly makes love to her, and when she runs away with him her husband dies miserably by his own hand. By-and-by, the young King sees her and is fascinated by her beauty; Vladimir thinking to make political capital out of his infatuation, persuades her to encourage his attentions, and, at length, to marry him, so that she realises an old dream that had seemed impossible, and becomes a queen. The end develops on the lines of the actual tragedy. Altogether a very interesting and ably written book.

STROMBOLI. By Francis Gribble. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

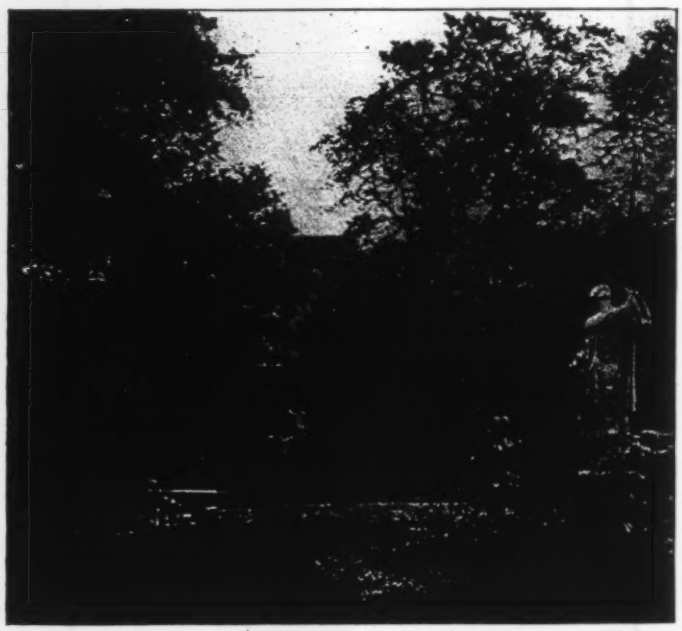
Mr. Gribble's hero is a professional revolutionist, and one of the most entertaining rascals we have come across for some time. It requires a light and sure touch to save the diverting adventures of this shameless but resourceful old humbug from degenerating into farce. But the suggestion of farce is unfair to Mr. Gribble, who never goes beyond the limits of comedy. "Stromboli" is excellent fooling,

audacious comedy of the very lightest kind. "The Man with the Ultimatum" is delicious, a brilliant skit on the politics of Southern America, which shows this cosmopolitan Ulysses in one of his most inspired moments.

The Bookman's Table.

THE LIFE OF JESUS. By Oscar Holtzmann, D.D. Translated by J. T. Bealby, B.A., and Maurice A. Canney, M.A. 15s. net. (Adam and Charles Black.)

It is probably due to the well-nigh insuperable difficulties which surround the task, that in recent years not even a German scholar has been found willing to undertake a critical Life of Christ. Investigations which may serve as Prolegomena have been abundant. Works on the Sources, on the Kingdom of God, on the Teaching of Jesus, have issued from the press with astonishing regularity. One fails to see what further preliminary work can be done, yet there has been a marked reluctance to use the material which criticism has been accumulating. Standard works like those of Hase and Keim pass into new editions; slight though suggestive sketches, such as those of Schmidt and Otto, have kept the great theme well in view. But there was great room for a full, scholarly, critical treatment of the Life by a competent writer. Such a treatment we have in Oscar Holtzmann's "Life of Jesus." And yet it is disappointing. Its method is right, it gives conclusions rather than processes; it bears on every page marks of knowledge and of acuteness; it is reverent in spirit, and, so far as possible for a naturalistic critic, free from bias. But it is dull. It lacks interest. It shows that such a Life, in order to be true, must be written by one who has something of the enthusiasm and ardour of the first narrators. There must be more amazement in it than is found in Holtzmann's pages. It will prove rather a book of reference than a book to read greedily. Sometimes, too, the writer's determination to admit nothing miraculous plays him false, and leads him to prefer absurdities, as where he accounts for the empty grave of our Lord by the suggestion that "the distinguished member of the Synedrium, who had in the first instance afforded the body a resting-place in his rock sepulchre, was not disposed to permit a crucified man to lie permanently beside the dead of his own family."



The Garden at 16, Cheyne Walk.

"One of the main charms of the house at Chelsea was its long garden, more than an acre in extent, with an avenue of trees on to which the studio looked. As time went on this garden became tenanted with a miscellaneous assortment of birds and animals, round which a veritable saga of anecdote has gathered. . . . It contained a fine mulberry tree and other fruit trees, which were left to take care of themselves, as were the weeds and flowers, the generally neglected condition being charged, according to Mr. Caine, upon 'Watts's reluctance to interfere with nature in her clever scheme of the survival of the fittest.'"

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THE JEWISH ENCYCLOPÆDIA: A descriptive record of the history, religion, literature, and customs of the Jewish people from the earliest times to the present day. Vol. VI. 25s. net. (Funk and Wagnalls Company.)

The presently issued sixth volume of the Jewish Encyclopædia claims to be the completion of the first half of that great undertaking. But as it only comprises the headings from "God" to "Istria," one is led to speculate on the size of the six volumes which are to include all that must fall to be dealt with under the succeeding letters. The present volume has the usual characteristics. Important articles on "God," "Hebrew Language," and "Hebrew Grammar," "Hillel," "The Inquisition," and other titles, lend weight to it; while, as usual, there is much curious information. The original of the Rebecca of "Ivanhoe" is discovered in a Philadelphian Jewess. Several articles on the physique of the Jew, "Growth," "Hair," "Insanity," are full of interest, and it will surprise non-professional readers to learn that insanity is more frequent among Jews than among Europeans. Some disturbing quaintnesses of language occur, as the use of "rime" not to denote hoar-frost, but "rhyme." Misprints are rare, though not wholly absent. (See p. 449.) This freedom from superficial errors is accounted for by the fact that each manuscript is handled by sixteen different persons, each of whom has special work to do upon it. A third of the manuscripts received are written in German, and what with translators, revisers, editors, illustrators, stylists and printers, over a thousand persons are employed in the production of this colossal work. Calculating from the few statistics given by the Publishers, one concludes that if the Encyclopædia is to be a financial success the number of subscribers must be doubled.

GATHERED POEMS OF ERNEST MYERS. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

The last thing a poet looks for in these days is a very large circulation, but to the few who care for what is best in contemporary verse this collected edition of Mr. Ernest Myers' poems will assuredly be welcome. It is not a large harvest, but it is choice. Mr. Myers is a thoughtful and cultured singer, and there may be more of art in his work than of actual inspiration, but he writes always melodiously, and with a lucid simplicity that comes of clearness of vision. The poems cover a wide range of subjects; they reclothe in song certain of the legends of ancient Greece and Rome; they touch upon large issues of the modern world, and, in "Love's Common Kingdom," on the quieter homely experiences of every-day life, and Mr. Myers handles each differing theme with the dignity or the tenderer charm that is fittingly its own.

RUSSIAN AFFAIRS. By Geoffrey Drage. 21s. net. (John Murray.)

Not without excellent reasons does Mr. Drage congratulate himself on the timeliness of the publication of this learned and useful volume. Assuredly no author has ever had more reason to claim for his book that it was *felix opportunitate*. The quotation is unfortunate only in respect that it necessarily recalls the missing word. For Mr. Drage's book we can safely predict a long life of usefulness, and he is certainly not boastful in assuming that if it "fall into the hands of merchants and men of business, or of public men and public servants at home or abroad, it will give in a convenient form papers not easily accessible anywhere away from London, and will, it is hoped, in any case save the necessity of reference to a great number of somewhat unwieldy blue-books, whose contents are known only to a small band of experts." The range of Mr. Drage's work fully corresponds with its ambitious title. After a brief but luminous history of Russia, he proceeds to a detailed account of the state of the country at the present day—its agriculture, its commerce, its industries, its finance, its home and foreign policy. Writing before the outbreak of the war, Mr. Drage thus sums up the present state of Russia: "The patience of

the Russian people is now strained to the breaking point; and the inevitable change which, though it may still be delayed, has never seemed so near, will, if not made from above with a good grace, be surely accompanied by an outburst from below, exceeding in horror anything that history records of the French Revolution. A terrible responsibility rests with Nicholas II. and his advisers. The handwriting is on the wall." The work is too compressed and full of detail to be likely to appeal to the general reader. But it is a masterly survey of an enormous field, and it is a book of invaluable importance to the journalist and the publicist. One very outstanding feature is that Mr. Drage has given due attention to the files of the newspapers. The value of the evidence of contemporary journalism is a secret known to few historians. The man who writes history generally turns to the so-called accredited authorities. How few go to the root of the matter and acknowledge their obligation to the correspondent of the morning daily. Mr. Drage's book is furnished with a very inadequate index. This is the only obstacle to its becoming an indispensable book of reference.

GREAT GOLFERS: THEIR METHODS AT A GLANCE. By G. W. Beldam. 12s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

All great outdoor games have their own literature, but the literature of Golf is conspicuous for the minute and scientific care with which the game has been studied. In no other game have the methods of the great players been subjected to the same analysis, or the theory of each stroke developed with such nicety, perhaps because golf is the one game worthy of the name in which the skill of the middle-aged man may be, and often is, a match for the superior strength of youth. It is therefore no idle praise to say that Mr. Beldam has produced what is probably the most scientific and instructive book yet written on the royal and ancient game. The defect of the ordinary photographs of great golfers lies in the fact that they fail to show the exact position of the players in relation to the ball. To meet this difficulty Mr. Beldam posed his "sitters," if the term is allowable, on a kind of chess-board of six inch squares, so that we can see at a glance with mathematical exactness how each player stands. The value of the diagram is more apparent from the photographs themselves than from this description, but the present writer, who has seen most of Mr. Beldam's "great golfers," has no hesitation in saying that these photographs show more of the peculiarities of method in each case than can be seen by watching the actual play, because the interest of the game makes it impossible to concentrate the mind on the particular stroke. The photographs in themselves, apart from their interest to the golfer, place Mr. Beldam in the front rank of instantaneous photographers. The pictures of the great professionals are supplemented by notes of admirable brevity and clearness by the players themselves, while Mr. Harold Hilton contributes a characteristic commentary on the leading amateurs. Mr. Beldam is to be congratulated on having conceived and carried out a book of unique interest and value to all serious players.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE COURT OF FRANCE. By Lieut.-Colonel Haggard. 16s. (Hutchinson.)

This series of historical sketches covers the period from François I. to Louis XIII., but it deals chiefly with Henry of Navarre and the League. The history of France at this time consists to an almost incredible extent of petty intrigues, and the frivolity and shameless immorality of the Court would undoubtedly have ruined the nation had not the national self-respect been in the safe keeping of the gallant Huguenots. Scandalous chronicles loom large in the history of the 16th and 17th centuries, and the reigns dealt with in this volume form no exception to the rule.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. By J. R. Green. Illustrated. 4 vols. 45s. net. (Finch and Co.)

This is the "Short History," as John Richard Green would have delighted to see it produced, for if he were historian of anything he was historian of the whole of English life, not only of English political life, and with the illustrations now added to his text, here seems England herself put into a book. In this "Royal Edition," edited by Mrs. Green and Miss Kate Norgate, the details of the work are impressed in a notable manner by the astonishing and strikingly varied collection of illustrations, numbering fourteen hundred, by which the editors have endeavoured really to illustrate history from contemporary sources. With its coloured plates, portraits, maps (one in especial, a large map of English Britain, 446-1066, being of exceptionally high value), by a bibliography, and carefully studied general appearance, it is hard to over-estimate the worth of this edition. For the historian and for the child, for the library and for the school, for pleasure, education, information, and the study of antiquities it is admirably planned. The "Short History" has always stood alone for brilliancy and freshness of outlook combined, and Messrs. James Finch and Co. have by this publication considerably widened its already immense sphere of influence.

RECORDS AND REMINISCENCES. By Lord Ronald Gower. 18s. net. (Murray.)

In this volume Lord Ronald Gower has fused together the contents of his two earlier works, the "Reminiscences" and the "Diaries." There is probably no one living at the present time who has been on more intimate terms with the celebrities of the Victorian era than the author of these memoirs. It follows therefore that they should promise to be of the greatest interest, and the reader will not be disappointed in his anticipations. Lord Ronald Gower has travelled in every quarter of the globe, and possesses the enviable faculty of instinctively knowing what there is to see and to do. There is not a dull page in this book.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF A SOLDIER AND SPORTSMAN. By Sir Montagu Gerard. 16s. net. (Murray.)

In these pages we find a record of forty years' distinguished military service in various parts of the world. The author has taken part in several campaigns, and has also enjoyed exceptional opportunities of sport with big game. His reminiscences are full of interest, and many of his anecdotes are extremely amusing.

IMPRESSIONS OF SPAIN. By A. F. Calvert. 10s. 6d (Philip.)

This book is beautifully illustrated by photographs, and gives the reader an excellent idea of the scenery and architecture of Spain. The author speaks perhaps too enthusiastically of the characteristics of the Spanish people. Although one is quite prepared to admit that the Spaniard has many fine qualities, it is idle to shut one's eyes to the fact that the lower classes in Spain are not the most pleasant people in the world to mix with. The author is so carried

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the
Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
"Bookman" Office,
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Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

MAY, 1904.

away by his affection for the country and its inhabitants, that he cannot find it in his heart to condemn the institution of bull-fighting.

GUERNSEY FOLK LORE. By Sir Edgar MacCulloch. 12s. 6d. (Stock.)

This is a collection of popular superstitions, legends, customs, and proverbs of the people of Guernsey. The author, the late Sir Edgar MacCulloch, formerly Bailiff of Guernsey, died before his work was in print, but the task of editing his MSS. has been very thoroughly and carefully carried out by Miss Edith Carey.

THE BOOK OF GENESIS. With Introduction and Notes by S. R. Driver, D.D. 10s. 6d. (Methuen and Co.)

It may be said in a word that Professor Driver's commentary on Genesis, contributed to the "Westminster Commentaries," is precisely the kind of exposition and explanation for which the English public has been waiting, and which will perfectly satisfy the truth-seeking mind. The author, by his scholarship and learning, and by the critical and judicious use he makes of his knowledge, has earned for himself a standing from which he speaks with authority. No living man would more surely be listened to or would find a readier acceptance of his teaching. Statements which might be suspected if they came from some quarters will be accepted from one whose caution and reverence have approved themselves to all. Such a scholar was needed, for the book of Genesis bristles with thorny points that call for delicate handling. To exhibit in a convincing manner the composite character of the narrative; to estimate the value of early attempts to depict events of so transcendent a significance as creation and the fall; to speak the truth without offence regarding the antiquity of man and the remote beginnings of civilisation; to separate what is legendary from what is historical,—all this calls not for mere raw scholarship, but for the wisdom that matures only by long and patient and reverent enquiry. It should be said that in accordance with the character of the series to which it belongs, Dr. Driver's commentary is from beginning to end adapted to lay reading, and the page is wholly free from Hebrew, Arabic, or other dead languages. All things considered, we have in this commentary one of the most timely, satisfactory, and profitable contributions to Biblical literature.

Notes on New Books.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN.

A gay revelation is **The Court of Sacharissa,** by Hugh Sheringham and Nevill Meakin (6s.), a charming book, to be read with a continuous smile. Six members (*the* six members, apparently) of the Irresponsible Club meander into a lady's garden one afternoon—one of their weekly meanderings into the country—and the lady, who is young and beautiful, accepts their unusually expressed apologies, gives them tea, and invites them again. They come—weekly; they play croquet, they fish, they pic-nic, they talk—but mostly and most satisfactorily they talk; incidentally some of them love the lady, but even this does not make for sadness. A midsummer idyll indeed.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE AND COMPANY.

Mr. St. John Lucas has an attractive mind. He has given us beautiful lines in his new volume of **Poems** (5s. net), lines which show us Nature and Humanity, and especially Nature, and open our eyes to see these newly. But beyond all this, we are left with the impression that there are stores of beauty behind, in "the secret kingdom of the soul"; that nothing sung here is blemished by a trace of artificiality or pose. We delight in "Spring"—"April healing the hurt of March"—in "Regret," "The Ghost," and many another poem; but in addition to this pleasure there is a nameless excitement of a wide, deep beauty waiting yet to be found, and this pleasure Mr. Lucas has given us also.

A long, carefully developed story is **Belchamber,** by H. O. Sturgis (6s.). It may be called the tragedy of an elder son, the heir born, as heirs so often are, with a softer, more timid, more nervous temperament than the robuster younger brother. This is a novel of character, well constructed and written; but we look for the book on a greater theme which Mr. Sturgis should some day write.

MESSRS. A. AND C. BLACK.

The joy of art, as expressed in Mr. Charles Lewis Hind's **Adventures among Pictures** (7s. 6d. net), is infectious. We, too, have stood before a Botticelli, a Velasquez, a Titian, a Mauve, a Rodin, and have felt that excitement, that thrill and uplifting which prove that art to us is a real, a blessed, and a necessary thing; but there are many pictures, unknown to us, among which Mr. Hind has "adventured," and his joy in them is conclusive, his words convey their moving power, and we follow on through his chapters, seeing with his eyes. Old masters and modern painters alike are a delight to him, but he has his distastes, and he cannot admire sentimentality and pose. We wonder what he thinks of Eugène Carrière? In this beautiful volume are four-and-twenty illustrations, eight of which are in colour.

Mrs. Willingham Rawnsley, in her volume on **The New Forest** (7s. 6d. net), describes that beautiful stretch of country month by month, and finds fresh charms in each slow change as the days pass from winter to winter. The great attraction of the book, however, lies in the illustrations, finely reproduced in colour, of scenes in and about the forest. There is life and air in these paintings, and Mrs. Rawnsley's treatment of water is noticeably good. There are twenty illustrations in all, several of which introduce the birches which are so beautiful a feature of the New Forest. Messrs. Black well deserve the reputation they have gained for careful and elaborate colour-printing.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS.

It is always correct to say of Miss Florence Warden's novels that they are thrilling, adventurous, romantic. We, however, have always found in them something more than this, a careful attention to characterisation which lifts her work far above the tales of those writers who consider a superfluity of incident sufficient to carry any narrative along to the goal of success. In **What Ought She to Do?** (6s.) Miss Warden's title is the worst part of the book. The story of the girl—first seen in the dock at the county assizes, sympathised with—and married—by a young man who drops in at the trial on his way home from the hunt—is natural, vivid, exciting too, and withal distinct and impressive among others of a like class, by reason of its careful characterisation.

MR. JOHN LONG.

Mr. Harold Vallings has a good fault—his story strengthens as it goes on. In **Paulette D'Esterre** (6s.) the somewhat hackneyed first chapter, about the hero who comes home from abroad, newly rich, to find the girl he loves being married to another man, opens out into a quite unexpected plot, unexpectedly well-handled. A self-styled misogynist, an artist, tells the tale; but as his hard views respecting womankind lead him to play the part of god in the car to a couple of very attractive women in their rather tempestuous love affairs, it is a misogamy which might be imitated with advantage by readers—artistic or otherwise; a gift of repartee and a good constitution are the chief qualities needed.

MESSRS. WARD, LOCK AND CO.

The methods of Miss A. K. Green (Mrs. Charles Rohlfs), though never excessively intricate, are always successful, and **One of My Sons** (3s. 6d.) is a story of sterling merit in its own line—the detective line. Which of three sons murdered his father by a dose of prussic acid? We waver along through thirty-two exciting chapters before we realise the truth. Perhaps these stories, besides thrilling, teach a stern moral lesson against hasty condemnation (for who ever read of the likely person being guilty?); but, at any rate, they thrill, and that seems enough for us at the time.

A characteristic novel by Headon Hill is **A Race with Ruin** (6s.). Here all the sensations that can be wrung from racing, betting, murder, and hypocrisy are wrung with a vigorous hand. Mr. Hill uses his stirring material, however, with the conscience of a moralist; he shows the risk, the excitement, the adventurousness of the gambler's life, but he also shows the evil and the hollowness and the sham brilliance of it. A book for the bored.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

One of the most useful volumes for "every-day" collectors of English china, as well as for connoisseurs, is **Chats on English China,** by Arthur Hayden (5s. net). It is so simply, yet so thoroughly written, that it is a safe guide to the veriest tyro in china collecting; at the same time, its accounts of the various factories and their triumphs and failures, their specialities and their developments and discoveries, read as interestingly as romance. One of the most important sections of the volume for beginners is the lucid description and explanation of pastes and glazes, while the wealth of illustrations of specimens and of old china-marks completes the value of this as a working handbook.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.

We knew before that Mr. Stephen Gwynn knew a great deal about Ireland; we also knew that he was well versed in the natural art of holidaying. In his new volume, **Fishing Holidays** (7s. 6d. net), we find him at his favourite sport, in his favourite country, a combination which results in the perfection of the natural art. It is such a genuinely charming volume that the man who never cast a line may enjoy it, and the man who never took a holiday may gain refreshment from it. The author meanders in his discoursings as might one of his favourite rivers, with the same gentle beauty, yet underlying definiteness of aim. He amiably teaches by the warning of his own mistakes; we learn, but we know only that we are being entertained.

The nameless charm of New England lies in Sara Andrew Shafer's volume, **The Day Before Yesterday** (6s.). It is the record of a village that has passed away, and of the men, women, and little children who lived in it, and it is told mostly from a child's point of view. Lovers of Miss Wilkins' stories will love this, not that it is an imitation of Miss Wilkins' work—indeed, there is more of robust life in it—but the habits and customs of the land and the people, touched in so naturally as a background to the life of the village, are of the same austere, picturesque, simple kind. An idyllic book, yet humorous enough to contradict that term in its general acceptation.

MESSRS. H. GREVEL AND CO.

The last of the "Monographs on Artists" sent us by Messrs. H. Grevel and Company is **Rubens** (4s.), by H. Knackfuss, translated by Louise M. Richter. Rubens most certainly lends himself well

to reproduction; and in this volume the illustrations, over a hundred and twenty in number, are commendably carried out. Rubens in his most, and, perhaps, his least dignified manner is here, but this it is which makes the monograph such an education. In one or two of the portraits, seen here without colour, Frans Hals is recalled to mind, but Rubens is Rubens, and his greatness comes with fresh insistence on looking at this gathering of paintings brought together from many collections. The biography is full and trustworthy, rather than critical or enthusiastic.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT.

"Nomad" (Adèle Crafton-Smith) has written a novel—**Concerning a Marriage** (6s.), which deals with the trials of a young doctor and his wife, who have married without distaste, but without love. The story is not irritating, as so many stories on this theme are apt to be, with their succession of preposterous misunderstandings. Incidents occur here, and mistakes, but the behaviour of the couple is natural and convincing, the narrative of their changes and chances leads the reader on pleasantly, and the happy ending is as sensibly written as it is pretty.

MESSRS. BLACKIE AND SON.

In **The Town's Verdict,** by Ethel F. Heddle (6s.), we get another example of this author's skill in depicting girls—and not merely girls, but girls of spirit, and force of character, who live, and talk, and act as mere humans, yet most interesting humans, when placed in enviable and unenviable circumstances. This is a thick volume over which the youth of both sexes will browse with a keen sense of pleasure. This is not to say that it is not suitable for their elders; it is, but it is especially suitable for youth.

MESSRS. GREENING AND CO.

Castles in Kensington (6s.) might easily have been allowed to deteriorate into farce from the very beginning, but its author, Mr. Reginald Turner, by taking a higher standard for his idea, has produced a far better book, one which is fresh, amusing, and cleverly sustained. At Mouleville, a small, select watering-place on the French coast, Mrs. Jarvis-Bateson is Queen year after year. She rules everyone, she accepts or rejects newcomers, her word is law. In England, it gradually appears, the Jarvis-Bateson family is not so distinct. Bladeswood, the supposed family "seat," is semi-detached in Medina Terrace, and other details are "to match." The gentle, serious handling of this subject is capitally done, and its author deserves praise for all that he has left unsaid, as well as for his good story.

MR. JOHN LANE.

A volume of **Poems** (5s. net), by Rachel Annand Taylor, comes to us from Mr. John Lane. The work in it is distinguished and arresting. Opening the book at random one immediately reads, and reads attentively. Now and again we would rather that certain lines had been treated with more simplicity—we seem to see paint obscuring a picture—but as a whole the book contains rich colour, life, and the true feeling of the true poet.

Reprints and New Editions.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

A smuggled "Tauchnitz" has ever been to us such a source of satisfaction—even with persons of tender conscience, the satisfaction has so far exceeded the qualm—it may be granted us that our desire for an excellent book at a low price has been actually stronger than our dishonesty. The Baron knew what was wanted and he gave good stuff for our money. Now for "Tauchnitz" read "Nash," for Mr. Eveleigh Nash is issuing a collection of popular novels by good writers, on special, superior paper, in thoroughly excellent new type, and in shape and form as near to the Continental publications as may be. **The Red Triangle,** by Arthur Morrison; **Vanity, by** "Rita"; **A Millionaire's Daughter,** by Percy White; **Almayer's Folly,** by Joseph Conrad; **The Herb-Moon,** by John Oliver Hobbes; **The Sign of the Cross,** by Wilson Barrett (1s. each), have already reached us. Some of us will remember a notable attempt to do something of this sort before, when Messrs. Heinemann and Balestier in the English Library issued new work in the same style, and the famous "Light that Failed" reached us in this square paper form. It is a good idea, and Mr. Nash's reprints deserve a new lease of life in this plain, admirable, cheap guise.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRUBNER AND CO.

A useful and attractive series of reprints is that being published by Messrs. Kegan Paul and Company, under the title of **The Dryden House Memoirs** (3s. 6d. net and 4s. 6d. net each). The second volume, containing "The Memoirs and Travels of Sir John Reresby," has now appeared, and gives to the public in good attractive style this bright detailed account of England and other lands at an intensely interesting and important period; an account hitherto far too little known. We would not exchange "Pepys" for it, nor "Evelyn"; but we are glad to place it on the shelf beside these favourites, and fill in the picture of that lively century by the help of this lively pen.

MESSRS. CASSELL AND CO.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have done precisely the thing which was needed, not only in issuing a pocket edition of R. L. Stevenson's works, but in issuing it in a really careful and worthy manner. Last autumn **Kidnapped** and **Catriona** were published, and now we have two more volumes, **The Black Arrow** and **The Master of Ballantrae** (2s. net each). It would be difficult to improve upon these excellent little books; they are light, strongly and most tastefully bound, with a large clear type, admirable beyond criticism. A Pocket Edition it is justly called; but it is worthy to occupy a favourite corner in any library.

New Books of the Month.

MARCH 15TH TO APRIL 15TH, 1904.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ADDERLEY, JAMES.—Prayer-Book Teaching. 1s. net. (Wells Gardner)

BALLARD, FRANK, M.A., B.D., etc.—"Clarion" Fallacies. 1s. net ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)

Bible, The English. Tudor Translations. Edited by W. E. Henley. Vol. VI. The New Testament ..... (David Nutt)

Day Book from the Saints and Fathers, A. Edited by John Henry Burn, B.D., F.R.S.E. 2s. ..... (Methuen)

A new volume of Messrs. Methuen's well-planned "Library of Devotion." In his selections from the works of the old theological writers, the editor has carefully, and with admirable discrimination, blended the tender, the strengthening, the consoling, the bracing—the gentle words, and the words which are a salutary whip to a self-pitying nature. A volume of wide help.

HALDANE, RT. HON. RICHARD BURDON, M.P., LL.D., K.C.—The Pathway to Reality. Gifford Lectures. 10s. 6d. net ..... (John Murray)

Home Pages. Twelve Talks on Practical Religion. Edited by Helen Brooke Herford. 1s. net. ..... (Philip Green)

IVERACH, JAMES, M.A., D.D.—Descartes, Spinoza, and the New Philosophy. 3s. ..... (T. and T. Clark)

JEKYLL, WALTER, M.A.—The Bible Untrustworthy. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Watts and Co.)

LESTER, J. H., M.A.—The Destiny of Man. 3s. net (Wells Gardner)

A thoughtful volume which impresses the value of a man's life, his responsibility, his obligations, his powers. It strikes us as being an encourager of self-respect, of self-training, and of Christianity, which is shown here as a beautiful, true, and reasonable religion.

MACDONALD, GREVILLE, M.D.—The Tree in the Midst. 10s. 6d. net. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)

Pastoral Theology, Outlines of. Translated and Edited by the late Rev. William Hastie, D.D. 1s. 6d. net. (T. and T. Clark)

Psalms of Israel, The. A Course of Lectures, by Various Preachers, delivered in St. Patrick's Cathedral, 1903. 3s. 6d. net ..... (S. C. Brown, Langham and Co.)

Religion and Liberty. Addresses at the Second Council of Unitarian and Other Religious Thinkers, Amsterdam, 1903. Edited by P. H. Hugenholtz, Junr. 2s. net. (Philip Green)

RICE, WILLIAM NORTH, Ph.D., LL.D.—Christian Faith in An Age of Science. 6s. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)

SAYCE, A. H., LL.D., D.D.—Monument Facts and Higher Critical Fancies. 2s. ..... (Religious Tract Society)

NEW EDITIONS.

COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR.—Aids to Reflection. York Library Reprints. 2s. net. 3s. net. ... (G. Bell and Sons)

Messrs. Bell and Sons begin with this volume a most attractive series of reprints on thin paper; one which, judging from the list sent us, will include a set of classics unusually varied and unhackneyed. Motley's "Dutch Republic," Hazlitt's "Round Table," "Don Quixote," Hawthorne's Tales, are among them, and the size and style of the volumes—which lie open flat on the hand, and please the eye—are exactly what they should be.

GORE, RT. REV. CHARLES, D.D.—The Sermon on the Mount. 6d. net ..... (John Murray)

NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL.—Apologia Pro Vita Sua. 6d. net ..... (Longmans)

Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co. are to be sincerely thanked for bringing the beautiful, affecting, and famous "Apologia" within the reach of all. A new interest, also, is attached to this edition, as it contains a hitherto unpublished letter, written by Newman on the subject of Tract 90.

FICTION.

ADAMS, ARTHUR H.—Tussock Land. First Novel Library. 6s. (Fisher Unwin)

ARCHER, JEAN C.—Rosalina. Illustrated. Dumpy Book. 1s. 6d. ..... (Grant Richards)

ASKEW, ALICE AND CLAUDE.—The Shulamite. 6s. (Chapman and Hall)

ATHERTON, GERTRUDE.—Rulers of Kings. 6s. (Macmillan)

Author of "Tom Bullkeley of Lissington." Froth. (G. A. Morton)

The countless admirers of "Tom Bullkeley" must read Mr. Mountenoy-Jephson's new novel. As might have been expected it is an out-and-out military tale, upholding the honour and the glory of the soldier, castigating shams of all sorts, applauding true breeding, pluck, good manners, and endurance. The period is recent, many of the incidents are those we well remember, and the whole tone is up-to-date. The author is rather inclined to rest a moment too long upon the "obvious" in his story, but there is plenty of spirit in it, and many an echo of the "Lissington" charm.

BALCONY STALL.—The Valley of Wild Hyacinths, or Gerald in Theatre-land. 2s. ..... (Greening)

BARRETT, WILSON.—The Never-Never Land. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash)

BOYD, MARY STUART.—The Man in the Wood. 6s. (Chapman and Hall)

BRADY, CYRUS TOWNSEND.—A Little Traitor to the South. 6s. ..... (Macmillan)
CHESTERTON, G. K.—The Napoleon of Notting Hill. 6s. ..... (John Lane)
CLARE, AUSTIN.—Randal of Randalholme. 6s. ..... (Chatto)
COLMORE, G.—A Ladder of Tears: The Autobiography of a Woman. 6s. ..... (Constable)
DEEPING, WARWICK.—Love Among the Ruins. 6s. (Grant Richards)
DUNCAN, SARA JEANETTE (Mrs. Everard Cotes). The Imperialist. 6s. ..... (Constable)
"ERICA."—The Grumpy Man, and Others. 1s. net (Scots Pictorial Publishing Co.)

The Grumpy Man was an irascible grandfather, who was brought into touch again with his discarded son by means of a crippled grandchild. A collection of mildly pretty stories, with Scottish dialect at times, and a "wholesome" tone always.

FINNEMORE, EMILY PEARSON.—Tally. 3s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett)
FISHER, CAROLINE.—One London Season. 6s. ... (Blackwood)
FRITH, WALTER.—The Tutor's Love Story. 6s. ... (Constable)
GAULOT, PAUL.—A Conspiracy Under the Terror. Translated by Charles Laroche, M.A. 6s. ..... (Chatto)
GOLDIE, BERYL.—Marian Voyne. 6s. ..... (Grant Richards)
GREEN, A. K. (Mrs. Charles Rohlfs).—One of My Sons. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. ..... (Ward, Lock)
HARRIS, J. HENRY.—The Fishers. 6s. ..... (John Lane)
HEDDLE, ETHEL F.—The Town's Verdict. 6s. ..... (Blackie)
HILL, HEADON.—A Race With Ruin. 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)
HOBBES, JOHN OLIVER.—The Vineyard. 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
HOBSON, ANNE.—In Old Alabama. 6s. ..... (Grant Richards)
HOOD, ALEXANDER NELSON.—Adria, A Tale of Venice. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net ..... (John Murray)
HOPE, GRAHAM.—The Gage of Red and White. 6s. (Smith, Elder)
HUNT, VIOLET.—The Celebrity at Home. 6s. (Chapman and Hall)
J. J. B.—Wee Macgreegor Again. 1s. net. (Scots Pictorial Publishing Co., Glasgow, and Grant Richards, London)
LANARK, H. M. L.—The Rough Torrent of Occasion. 6s. (Greening)

Mr. Lanark has written a very full story, with a very beautiful setting, in which a somewhat vacillating brother (handicapped by that "artistic temperament," which is answerable for so much weak-mindedness now-a-days), and a fine-natured sister play dramatic parts. The book contains many quiet and unusual touches, and promise for the future.

LEYS, JOHN K.—The Prisoner's Secret. 3s. 6d. ... (Ward, Lock)
MACNAUGHTAN, SARAH.—The Gift. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
MARCHMONT, A. W.—By Snare of Love. Illustrated. 6s. (Ward, Lock)
MERRIMAN, HENRY SETON.—Tomaso's Fortune, and Other Stories. 6s. ..... (Smith, Elder)
Nash's Edition of Popular Novels:—The Red Triangle, by Arthur Morrison; Vanity, by "Rita"; A Millionaire's Daughter, by Percy White; Almayer's Folly, by Joseph Conrad; The Herb-Moon, by John Oliver Hobbes; The Sign of the Cross, by Wilson Barrett. 1s. net each. (Eveleigh Nash)
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